

The New Golden Chain

OF

Sabbath School Melodies.

CONTAINING EVERY PIECE (MUSIC AND WORDS) OF THE GOLDEN CHAIN,
WITH ABOUT ONE THIRD ADDITIONAL.

BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,

AUTHOR OF

"THE JUBILEE," "KEY-NOTE," "ORIOLE," "GOLDEN CHAIN," "GOLDEN SHOWER," "GOLDEN CENSER,"
AND MANY OTHER MUSICAL WORKS.

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THE
NEW GOLDEN CHAIN
OF
SABBATH SCHOOL MELODIES.



CONTAINING EVERY PIECE, (MUSIC AND WORDS), OF THE GOLDEN CHAIN, WITH
ABOUT ONE-THIRD ADDITIONAL.

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By WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,
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NEW YORK:
Published by BIGLOW & MAIN, 425 Broome St.
SUCCESSORS TO
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & CO., 47 & 49 GREENE STREET,

NOTICE.

Such has been the immense popularity of the GOLDEN CHAIN that two entire sets of electrotype plates have been used up in the printing of the book, and, as the demand for it is still unabated, it has been found necessary to re-electrotype the whole work.

In the "NEW GOLDEN CHAIN" all the pieces, (Music and Hymns), of the "old" Chain are retained, without change of folios, with the exception that La Mira, page 127, CHAIN, will be found on page 124 of the NEW GOLDEN CHAIN, while, by the use of new and beautiful type we are enabled to insert about one-third more additional tunes and hymns, without crowding the pages, all of which are proved "Gems."

While the NEW CHAIN conforms in size, price and page with the "old" and may consequently be used in connection with it, it is at the same time in itself almost a *New Work*. Its unprecedented popularity will be materially enhanced now that it appears in its new dress, with *one-third* new matter. In most of the old pieces arranged in three parts, Tenors are now inserted.

Hoping that the NEW GOLDEN CHAIN, like its predecessor, may prove a blessing to many, that every link may be found sound and of the purest metal, and that the whole may prove strong enough to bind together in one harmonic band all the dear ones of the household and Sabbath School, its author prayerfully sends it forth on its little mission of love and song. God speed it.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

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THE GOLDEN CHAIN. C. M.

1st 2d CHORUS.

1. (How sweet and heavenly is the sight, When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight, And so full-fill his.....) word! Praise the Lord,

Praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord.

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye;
And joy from heart to heart.
Praise the Lord, &c.

3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action, glow.
Praise the Lord, &c.

4 Love is the GOLDEN CHAIN that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.
Praise the Lord, &c.

1. The Sunday-school, that blessed place. Oh! I would rather stay Within its walls a child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.
Chorus.—The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, Oh! 'tis the place I love, For there I learn the golden rule Which leads to joys a - bove.

2 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died
For sinners such as I;
Oh! what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high.

3 Then let our grateful tribute rise.
And songs of praise be given
To Him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.

4 And welcome then the Sunday-school,
We'll read, and sing, and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.

WELCOME TO THE SABBATH. H. M.

(NEW CHAIN.)

1. Welcome delightful morn; Sweet day of sacred rest, I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest.

FULL CHO.

From low desires and fleeting toys,) Then welcome, thrice welcome, Yes, welcome delightful morn.
I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.)

Then welcome, welcome, welcome, Yes.

WELCOME TO THE SABBATH. Concluded.

5

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbath be enjoyed in vain.

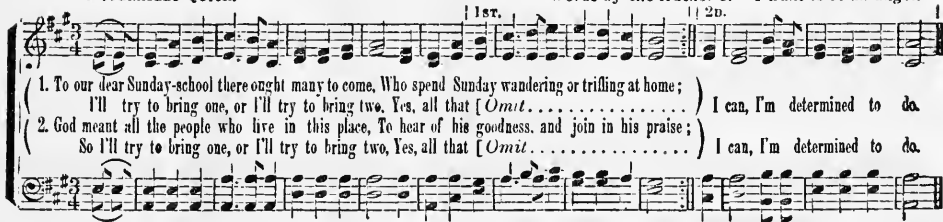
SUNDAY-SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG. 11s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

MODERATELY QUICK.

Words by the Author of "I want to be an angel."

1st. 2d.



(1. To our dear Sunday-school there ought many to come, Who spend Sunday wandering or trifling at home;)
I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that [*Omit.*] I can, I'm determined to do.

(2. God meant all the people who live in this place, To hear of his goodness, and join in his praise;)
So I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that [*Omit.*] I can, I'm determined to do.

One or more Boys. Girls and Boys, or two Girls alone. FULL CHO.



I'll try to bring one, I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that I can, I'm de-termined to do.

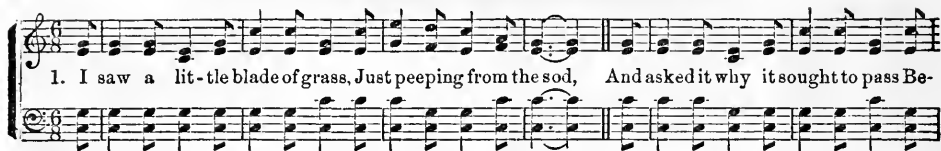
2 Let me think; are there none of the dear ones at home,
The large, or the little, who never have come?
Oh, I'll beg and I'll coax, try for one, try for two,
Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do.

4 My cousins and playmates, who live in this street,
I'll ask them to come, the next time that we meet;
Who knows but among them I'll get one, or two,
For all that I can, I'm determined to do.

5 Out there in the lot where I pass every day,
How many spend Sabbath in frolic or play!
If I could but get one of those boys, now, or two,
To come here next Sabbath, what good it might do.

6 Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go;
What glory and blessedness then I shall know!
But I want in that glory that many may share,—
That one, two, yes, all I can take, may be there.

"I RISE TO SEEK THE LIGHT." C. M. D.



I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise,

2 I asked the eagle why his wing
To ceaseless flight was given;
As if he spurn'd each earthly thing
And knew no home but heaven?
He answered, as he fixed his gaze
Undazzled at the sight,
Upon the sun's meridian blaze,
"I rise to seek the light"

3 I asked my soul, what means this thirst
For something yet beyond,
What means this eagerness to burst
From every earthly bond?
It answers, and I feel it glow
With fires more warm, more bright,
"All is too dull, too dark below,
I rise to seek the light,"

COME, CHILDREN, RAISE YOUR VOICES HIGH.

7

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>1 COME, children, raise your voices high,
Your Saviour's love proclaim,
And with the choirs of earth and sky
Unite to praise his name :
Sing how he left the realms of light,
Where the bright angels dwell,
And, passing through death's gloomy
Redeemed the world, [night,
Redeemed the world from hell.</p> | <p>2 Yes, we will gladly join our lays
With heaven's seraphic throng,
And offer in our earthly days
To Christ our grateful song :
And oh, that all would join to sing
That Saviour's love, who came,
Mankind from chains of sin to bring
To liberty,
To liberty again !</p> | <p>3 Then loud hosannas to our King,
Jesus, eternal God !
Let earth with joyous anthems ring,
To spread his fame abroad ;
Let every tribe and nation own
His just and righteous sway,
And all unite to hasten on
The great, the great,
The great millennial day.</p> |
|--|--|---|

DUKE STREET. L. M.

BOLD.

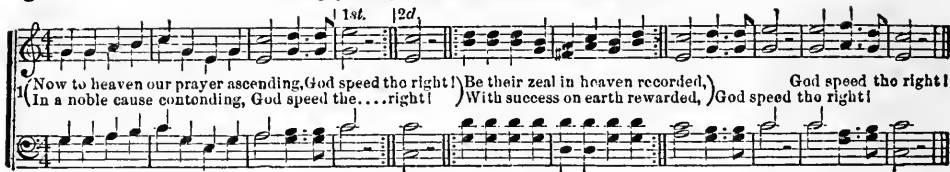


- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
2 Nor Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.
4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.</p> | <p>Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part :
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy</p> |
|---|--|

THE SABBATH. (NEW CHAIN.)

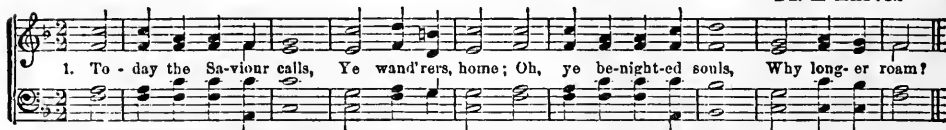
- 1** SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.



- 2 Bo that prayer again repeated,
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er despairing though defeated,
 God speed the right!
 Like the good and great in story,
 If they fail, they fail with glory,
 God speed the right!
- 8 Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
 God speed the right!

- Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heaven's own time succeeding,
 God speed the right!
- 4 Still their onward course pursuing,
 God speed the right!
 Every foe at length subduing,
 God speed the right!
 Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it,
 God speed the right!

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s. (NEW CHAIN.)
 DR. L. MASON.

2. To-day the Saviour calls;
 Oh, hear him now;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls;
 For refuge fly;
 The storm of justice falls,
 And death is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day:
 Yield to his power;
 Oh, grieve him not away.
 'Tis mercy's hour.

"NEVER LATE."

9

Sprightly.

W. B. B.

1 I'll a-wake at dawn on the Sabbath day, For 'tis wrong to doze ho-ly time away; With my lessons learn'd, this shall
2 Birds awake betimes; every morn they sing; None are tardy there, when the woods do ring; So when Sunday comes, this shall

be my rule— Never to be late at the Sabbath school.
be my rule— Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

3 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

4 But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no more;
Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

DISMISSION. 8s & 7s.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace; (Let us each thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us, O refresh us, Traveling thro' this wilderness.)

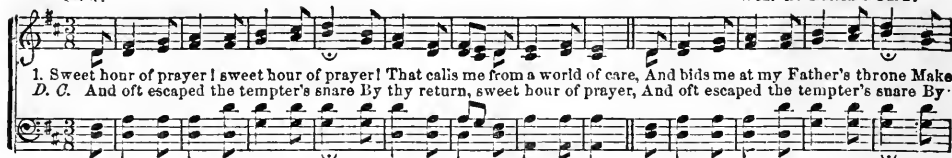
2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angel's wings, to heaven—
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

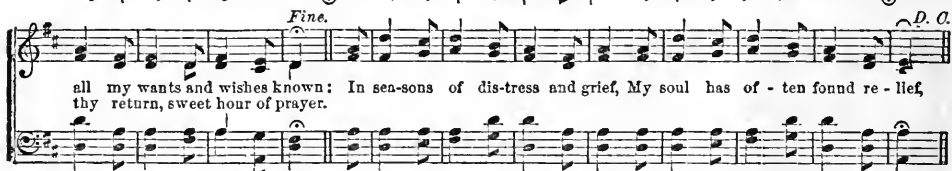
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. Double.

Slow.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make
D. C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer, And oft escaped the tempter's snare By-



Fine.
all my wants and wishes known: In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief,
thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

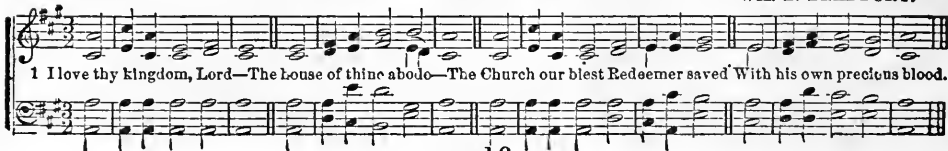
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
: I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :

LULU. S. M.

(NEW CHAIN.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 I love thy kingdom, Lord—The house of thine abode—The Church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.

LULU. Concluded.

11

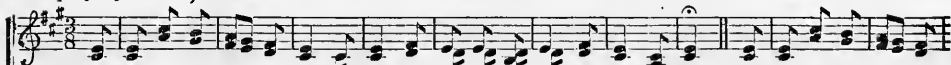
3 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Sprightly. OH, COME TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WITH ME.



1 Oh, come to the Sunday-school with me, Where sweetly the hours will pass a - way! Oh, come with a foot-step

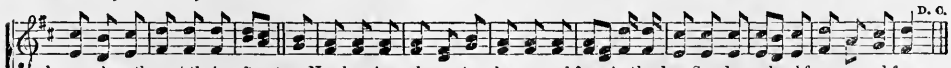
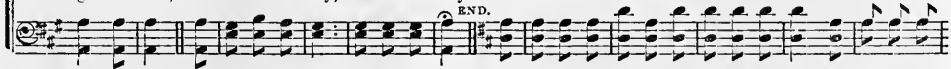
2 We've teachers and scholars kind and true; We've plenty of books, both old and new; We read, and we sing, and

Chorus. Oh, come to the Sunday-school with me, Where sweetly the hours will pass a - way! Oh, come with a foot-step

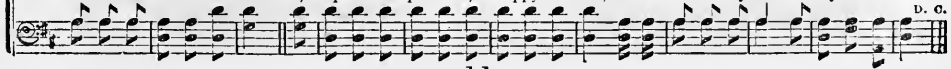


light and free, And make no de - lay, make no de - lay. Around and a-bout us true happiness floats, While voices that
join in prayer, 'Tis sweet to be there, sweet to be there. Around and a-bout us true happiness floats, &c.

light and free, And make no de - lay, make no de - lay.



love us breathe out their soft notes; No place is so pleasant, so happy and free, As the dear Sunday-school for you and for me.



A BRIGHTER DAY. 8s & 7s, Double.

"THEN LOOK UP, FOR YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH."— Luke xxi. 28.

1. "Lift your heads" with faith; the morrow Dawneth brighter than the day; Angel hands will lift the shadows,
[Chase the gathering
2. Art thou lonely, sad, and weary, Watching thro' the silent night? Dry thy tears, the orient glistens Like a thread of

CHORUS. *f*

gloom away. ("Lift your heads," the day is breaking, Soon the morning will appear; (draws near.)
sil-ver light. (See the earth from slumber waking; "Lift your heads," the day)

- 3 Does the night seem long and weary—
Dangers threatening 'long the way?
Joy will soon return to bless thee,
Soon will dawn a brighter day.—*Cho.*
- 4 What, though wars and earth's commotions
Try your faith, and cause dismay;
God, your Father, rules the nations,
He will send a brighter day.—*Cho.*
- 5 Let the heart be cheered with gladness,
Though the sun is veiled from sight;
See! the stars are brightly beaming
Through the shadows of the night.

Chorus.

Look! e'en now the morn is breaking,
See the shadows flee away;
See: the earth from slumber waking,
"Lift your heads!" behold the day!

THE CHURCH. (NEW CHAIN.)

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love;
Well supply thysons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

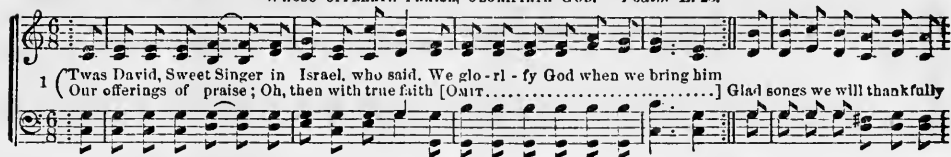
DAVID, THE SWEET SINGER.

(NEW CHAIN.) 13

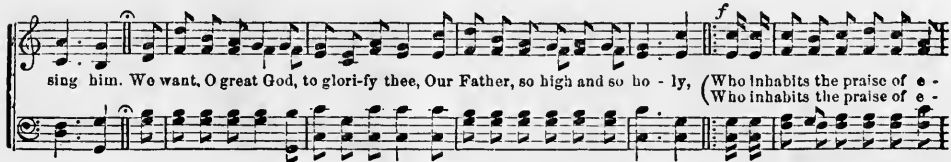
Words by MRS CARO. MAY.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY

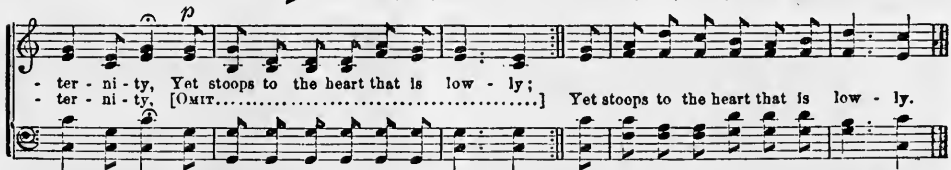
"WHOSO OFFERETH PRAISE, GLORIFIETH GOD."—Psalm L. 23.



1 'Twas David, Sweet Singer in Israel, who said, We glo - ri - fy God when we bring him
Our offerings of praise; Oh, then with true faith [OMIT.....] Glad songs we will thankfully



sing him. We want, O great God, to glori-fy thee, Our Father, so high and so ho - ly, (Who inhabits the praise of e -
Who inhabits the praise of e -



- ter - ni - ty, Yet stoops to the heart that is low - ly;
- ter - ni - ty, [OMIT.....] Yet stoops to the heart that is low - ly.

2 Thy love is so vast, so tender, and true,
A fountain of life, failing never;
Oh, what can we happy young children do
But praise thee for ever and ever?
We'll praise thee at morn, and praise thee at night,
For the work that brings quiet and slumber;
For our bread and our water, our reason and sight,
And mercies too many to number.

3 For the friends thou hast given to teach and to guide,
Who make the sweet Sabbath so cheering,
By telling of Jesus, who calls to his side
Young children with words so endearing.
For that Jesus our fullest hosannas are given,
His pity and prayers, ceasing never,
Are the source of all joy, on earth and in heaven,
And we'll praise him for ever and over.

Written and composed for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the N. Y. S. S. Union.

D. C.

1 (Who shall sing, if not the children, Did not Jesus die for them?)
 May they not, with other jewels, Sparkle in his di-a-dem?) Why to them were voices given, Bird-like voices, sweet and
 D.C. Why, unless the song of heaven They begin to practise here? [clear?]

2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
 Angels cease, and, waiting, listen!
 Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 When her ear is upward turned;
 Is not this the same, perfected,
 Which upon the earth they learned?

3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love;
 And will he, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove?
 Oh! they cannot sing too early!
 Fathers, stand not in their way!
 Birds do sing while day is breaking—
 Tell me, then, why should not they?

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

(NEW CHAIN.)

MARSH.

1. { Mary to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the early dawn, } For a while D. C.
 Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she lov'd had gone; } she ling'ring stood, Fill'd with sorrow and surprise,
 D. C. Trembling, while crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard his welcome voice;
 Christ had risen from the dead,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice;
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!

Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

3. He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was
 lost, 1 4

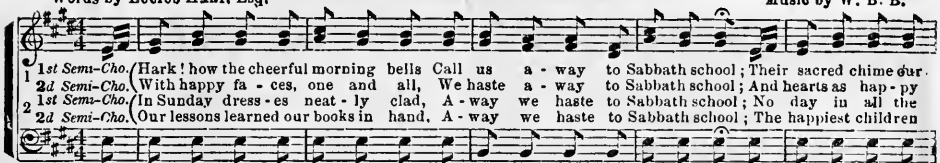
Will for your relief appear,
 Tho' you now are tempest tossed.
 On his word your burden cast,
 On his love your thoughts employ,
 Weeping for a while may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

HASTE AWAY TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

15

Words by LUCIUS HART, Esq.

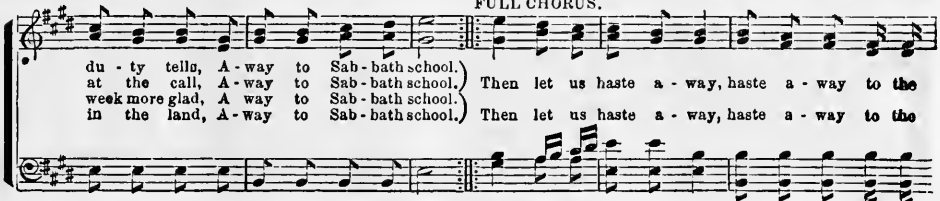
Music by W. B. B.



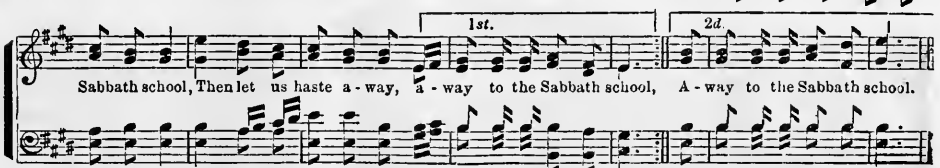
1 *1st Semi-Chor.* Hark! how the cheerful morning bells Call us a - way to Sabbath school; Their sacred chime dur.
 2 *2d Semi-Chor.* With happy fa - ces, one and all, We haste a - way to Sabbath school; And hearts as hap - py
 2 *1st Semi-Chor.* In Sunday dress - es neat - ly clad, A - way we haste to Sabbath school; No day in all the
 2 *2d Semi-Chor.* Our lessons learned our books in hand, A - way we haste to Sabbath school; The happiest children

TENOR. & BASS.

FULL CHORUS.



du - ty tells, A - way to Sab - bath school.) Then let us haste a - way, haste a - way to the
 at the call, A - way to Sab - bath school.) Then let us haste a - way, haste a - way to the
 week more glad, A way to Sab - bath school.) Then let us haste a - way, haste a - way to the
 in the land, A - way to Sab - bath school.) Then let us haste a - way, haste a - way to the

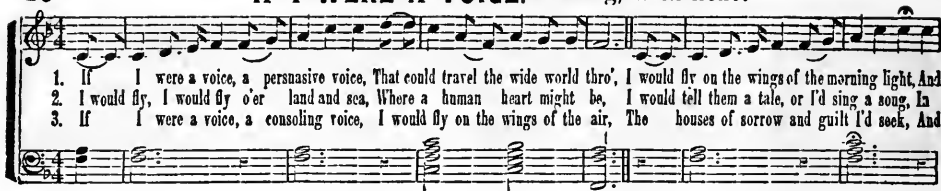


1st. 2d.
 Sabbath school, Then let us haste a - way, a - way to the Sabbath school, A - way to the Sabbath school.

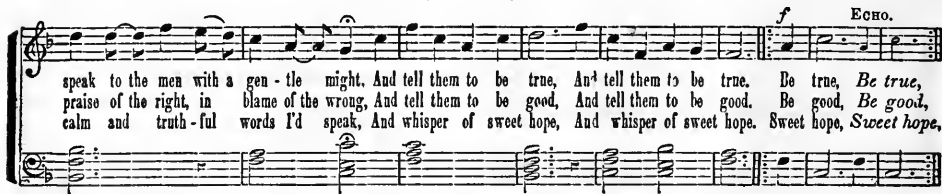
2 *1st Semi-Chorus.* We love to meet together there,
 Within our pleasant Sabbath school;
 And all unite in praise and prayer,
 Within the Sabbath school.
 2 *2d Semi-Chorus.* And this our bond of love shall be,
 We're happy in our Sabbath school;
 And with our hearts in harmony,
 We'll haste to Sabbath school.—Cmo.

4 *1st Semi-Chorus.* The Sabbath light shines clear and bright,
 Away we haste to Sabbath school;
 The church, it is a pleasant sight,
 Away to Sabbath school;
 2 *2d Semi-Chorus.* This sweetest day of all the seven—
 We'll haste away to Sabbath school,
 And run the shining road to heaven;
 Away to Sabbath school.—Cho.

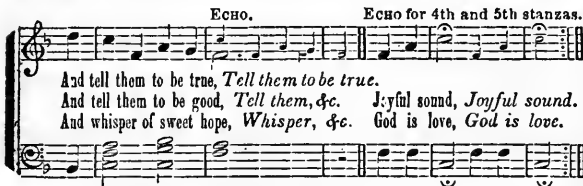
"IF I WERE A VOICE." Song, with Echo.



1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, That could travel the wide world thro', I would fly on the wings of the morning light, And
 2. I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea, Where a human heart might be, I would tell them a tale, or I'd sing a song, In
 3. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I would fly on the wings of the air, The houses of sorrow and guilt I'd seek, And



f Echo.
 speak to the men with a gen - tle might, And tell them to be true, And tell them to be true. Be true, *Be true*,
 praise of the right, in blame of the wrong, And tell them to be good, And tell them to be good. Be good, *Be good*,
 calm and truth - ful words I'd speak, And whisper of sweet hope, And whisper of sweet hope. Sweet hope, *Sweet hope*,

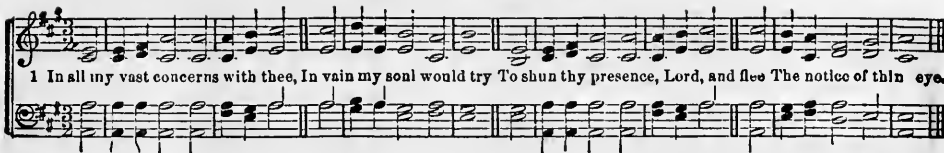


ECHO. Echo for 4th and 5th stanzas.
 And tell them to be true, *Tell them to be true.*
 And tell them to be good, *Tell them, &c. Joyful sound, Joyful sound.*
 And whisper of sweet hope, *Whisper, &c. God is love, God is love.*

4
 If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
 I would fly the whole earth around;
 And wherever man with error bow'd,
 I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
 The Truth's most joyful sound.
 Joyful sound. (*Echo. Joyful sound.*)
 The Truth's most joyful sound,
 Echo.—Truth's most joyful sound.

5 I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
 And point to the realms above;
 I would fly, I would fly over city and town,
 And drop like a happy sunlight down,

And whisper, God is love.
 God is love. (*Echo. God is love.*)
 And whisper, God is love.
 Echo.—Whisper, God is love



1 In all my vast concerns with thee, In vain my soul would try To shun thy presence, Lord, and flee The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

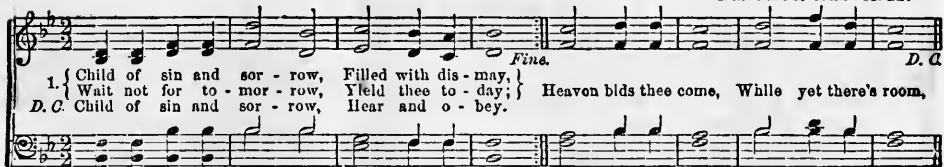
3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh! wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s. (NEW CHAIN.)

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. { Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may, }
D. C. Child of sin and sor - row, Yield thee to - day; } Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room,
Hear and o - bey.

2. Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3. Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?
Through that long to-morrow,
Eternity!
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

4. Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow
In worlds on high!
In that high home,
Graven thy name:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

GATHER THEM IN.

"GO, THEREFORE, INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES AND COMPEL THEM TO COME IN."— Luke xiv. 23.

WITH PROMPTNESS AND ANIMATION.

MAY BE SUNG AS A DUET.

1. Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in; (Gather them in from the broad highway, Gather them in, Gather them in from the prairies vast, Gather them in,

CHORUS.

gather them in; Gather them in, in this gospel day, Gather, gather them in; Gather them in, let the
gather them in; Gather them in, of every cast, Gather, gather them in.

FULL CHO.

house be full, Gather them in to the Sunday-school: Gather them in, Gather them in, Gather the children in.

2 Gather them in, gather them in,
Gather the children in;
Gather them in from the street and lane,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in both the halt and lame,
Gather, gather them in;
Gather the deaf, and the poor, and blind,
Gather them in, gather them in:
Gather them in with a willing mind,
Gather, gather them in.

Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

3 Gather them in, gather them in,
Gather the children in;
Gather them in that are seeking rest,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in from the East and West,
Gather, gather them in.
Gather them in that are roaming about,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in from the North and South,
Gather, gather them in.

Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

4 Gather them in, gather them in,
Gather the children in ;
Gather them in from all over the land,
Gather them in, gather them in ;
Gather them in to our noble band,

Gather, gather them in ;
Gather them in with a Christian love,
Gather them in, gather them in ;
Gather them in for the Church above.
Gather, gather them in.—*Chor.*

THE LOVE OF JESUS. L. M. (New Chain.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul, And makes the wounded spirit whole; My nature is by sin defil'd, Yet Jesus loves a little child.

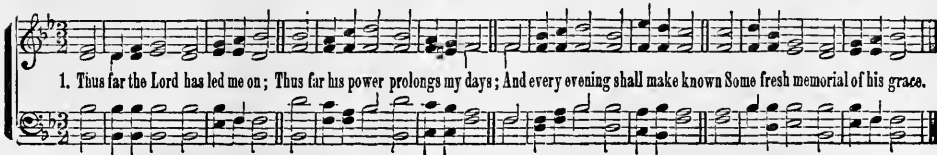
2 How kind is Jesus, oh, how good !
'Twas for my soul he shed his blood ;
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

3 When I offend, by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong,
If I repent he's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

4 To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas ! I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on ; Thus far his power prolongs my days ; And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past ;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

1 Far out up-on the prairie How many children dwell, Who never read the Bi-ble, Or hear the Sabbath bell;
2 For they have no kind pastor, Whose loving words have told, Of Jesus, the good Shepherd, And called them to his fold;

Cho.—Far out up-on the prairie How many children dwell, Who never read the Bi-ble, Or hear the Sabbath bell;

And when the ho-ly morning Wakes us to sing and pray, They spend the precious moments In idleness and play.
No Sabbath school in-rit-ing Its pleasant doors within, No teacher's voice entreating To leave the way of sin.

7s & 6s.

- 3 I wish that I could tell them
How Jesus came to die,
When he for little children
Left his bright throne on high;
And all the sad, sad story
Of sorrow which he bore,
When for his crown of glory
A crown of thorns he wore.—*Cho.*
- 4 And so each morn and evening,
Where'er I kneel in prayer,
I'll ask the gracious Saviour
To send his gospel there;
That in the glorious city
In which he dwells above,
We all may sing together
Of his redeeming love.—*Cho.*

7s & 6s. (NEW CHAIR.)

- 1 COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend,
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend;
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.
- 2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong;
None who besought his healing,
He passed unheeded by;
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.

3 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our soul to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.
Cho.—We love to sing, &c.

4 Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus,
Throughout eternal day;
For those, who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will forever bless.
Cho.—We love to sing, &c.

MILLENNIUM SONG. 7s & 6s.

1 REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear,
The evening is advancing,
And midnight now is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh;
Up, up, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.
Cho.—Rejoice, &c.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation—
The end of earthly toil.

The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet him, as he cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear.
Cho.—Rejoice, &c.

3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till in the songs of Jubilee,
They meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The doors wide open stand,
Be ready, then, to meet him,
The Bridegroom is at hand.
Cho.—Rejoice, &c.

4 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and suff'rings bore,
Shall live and reign forever,
When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold!
Cho.—Rejoice, &c.

5 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee!
Cho.—Rejoice, &c.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Newly arranged and brought within an easy compass for Chorus Singing, by

SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 O.... say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
 (Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming,)
 2 On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep. Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re - pos - es,)
 (What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep, As it fit - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos - es;)

CHORUS.

And the rock-et's red glare, bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our Flag was still there;
 Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-lect-ed now shines in the stream:

FULL CHORUS.

O.... say does that star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
 'Tis the star-spangled ban-ner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

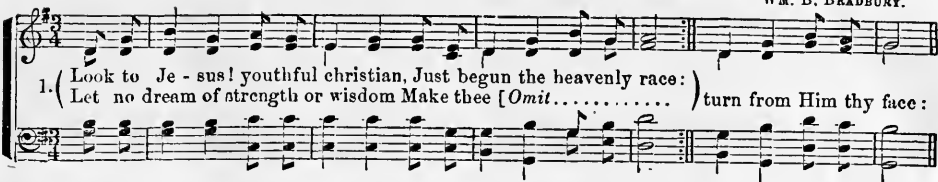
3
 And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country, should leave us no more—
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge can save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; *Cho.*

4
 O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!" *Cho.*

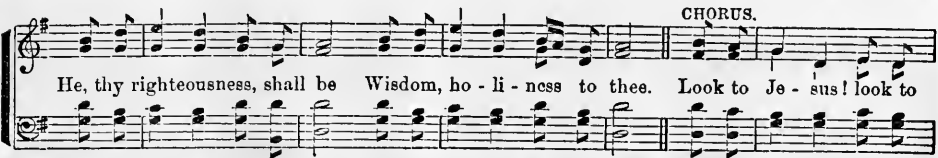
LOOK TO JESUS. 7s & 8s. (New Chain.)

23

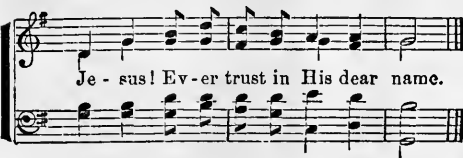
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. (Look to Je - sus! youthful christian, Just begun the heavenly race:)
 Let no dream of strength or wisdom Make thee [Omit.....] turn from Him thy face:



CHORUS.
 He, thy righteousness, shall be Wisdom, ho - li - ness to thee. Look to Je - sus! look to



Je - sus! Ev - er trust in His dear name.

2 Look to Jesus! strong in manhood,
 Who art pressing on thy race:
 Slight the snares the world is spreading,
 Onward, upward speed thy pace:
 Poor and mean earth's brightest toys,
 Weighed with heavens eternal joys.

3 Look to Jesus! aged traveler
 On life's long and changeful road:
 See'st thou not? 'tis almost ended,
 Soon thou'lt be *at home* with God:
 Lean upon Him as you go,
 Age and weakness stronger grow.

4 Look to Jesus! steadfast ever
 Let us on his glory gaze;
 Though revealed here but dimly,
 Brightly on our souls 'twill blaze.
 If by looking here below,
 Like to Him our spirits grow.

PEACEFULLY SLEEP. L. M.

1 Peaceful - ly lay her down to rest, Place the turf kindly on her breast ; Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
 2 Close to her lone and narrow house, Gracefully wave, ye willow boughs ; Flowers of the wildwood, your odors shed
 3 Qui - et - ly sleep, be - lov - ed one, Rest from thy toil—thy labor is done ; Rest till the trump from the opening skies

While the pure soul is resting with God, Peacefully sleep. Peacefully sleep, Sleep till that morning, Peacefully sleep.
 O - ver the ho - ly, beauti - ful dead, Peacefully sleep, &c.
 Bid thee from dust to glo - ry a - rise ! Peacefully sleep, &c.

PEACEFULLY REST. L. M.

(NEW CHAIN.)

- 1 **ANOTHER** fleeting day is gone ;
 Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
 Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies,
 Cho.— Peacefully rest, &c.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone :
 In solemn silence rest, my soul !
 Bow down before His awful throne,
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.
- 3 Soon shall a darker night descend,
 And veil from me yon azu re skies :

And soon shall death's oppressive hand
 Lie heavy on these languid eyes.

- 4 Yet when beneath the dreadful shade,
 I lay my weary frame to rest,
 That night shall not make me afraid,
 That bed the dying Saviour pressed
- 5 Again emerging from the night,
 I, like my risen Lord shall rise ;
 Again drunk in the morning light,
 Pure at its fount above the skies.

ON CALVARY'S HEIGHTS.

25

Words by A. A. SMITH.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

Andante.

GIRLS.

BOYS.

ALL.



1 On Calv'ry's heights amazing grace behold! And let it e'er be told, That love divine a - lone, Could thus for sin a - tone.



On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights, Amazing love behold!

2 On Calv'ry's heights the one Redeemer dies!
The heavenly message flies
With pardon full to give—
That all who look may live.—*Chorus.*

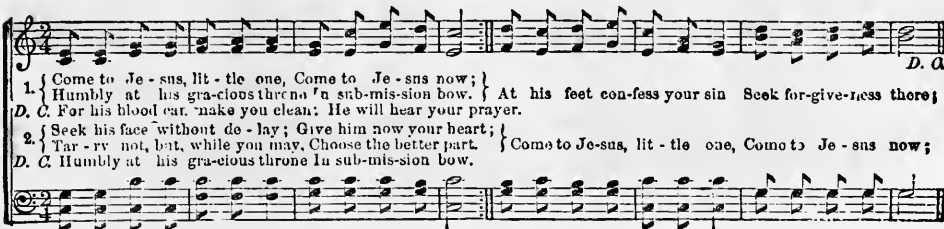
3 On Calv'ry's heights a dying Saviour pleads,
For rebels intercedes;
He sets the captive free,
A son and heir to be.—*Chorus.*

4 To Calv'ry's heights the little children bring:
Permit them there to cling,
Forbid them not, He'eries,
Of such my kingdom is.—*Chorus.*

5 On Calv'ry's heights Faith spread her eager wings,
While Hope exultant sings;
Love doth the conquest win,
Victor of death and sin.—*Chorus.*

“COME TO JESUS, LITTLE ONE.”

(NEW CHAIN.)



1. { Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now; }
Humbly at his gra-cious throne a sub-mis-sion bow. } At his feet con-fess your sin Seek for-give-ness there;
D. C. For his blood ear - make you clean: He will hear your prayer.
2. { Seek his face without de - lay; Give him now your heart; }
Tar - ry not, but, while you may, Choose the better part. } Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now;
D. C. Humbly at his gra-cious throne In sub-mis-sion bow.

END. CHORUS.—All.

D. C.

Girls. 1 (Pilgrims we are to Canaan bound. Our journey lies along this road ;
Boys. 1 (This wilderness we travel round, To reach the city of our God.) O happy pilgrims, spotless fair, What makes your robes so white appear

D. C. Girls. Our robes are wash'd in Jesus' blood And we are traveling home to God.

- 2 A few more days, or weeks, or years,
In this dark desert to complain ;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain.—*Chorus.*
- 3 O blessed land ! O happy land !
When shall we reach thy golden shore ?
And one redeemed, unbroken band,
United be for evermore.—*Chorus.*
- 4 And if our robes are pure and white,
May we all reach that blessed abode ?

- O yes, they all shall dwell in light,
Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.—*Chorus.*
- 5 We all shall reach that golden shore,
If hero we watch, and fight, and pray ;
Straight is the way, and straight the door,
And none but pilgrims find the way.—*Chorus.*
- 6 O, may we meet at last above,
Amid the holy blood-washed throng,
And sing for ever Jesus' love,
While saints and angels join the song.—*Chorus.*

PILGRIM, IS THY JOURNEY DREAR ?

(NEW CHAIN.)

1 (Pilgrim, is thy journey drear ? Are its lights extinct for ever !
Still suppress the rising fear ; [Omit.....] God forsakes the righteous never ! Never, never ! no, never !

PILGRIM, IS THY JOURNEY DREAR? Concluded.

27

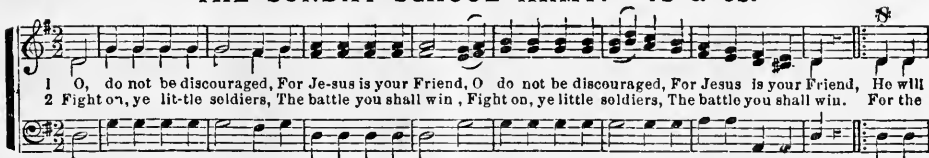
3 Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever;
Still, amid the fear of death,
God forsakes the righteous never!

8 Pain may rack the wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch forever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous never!

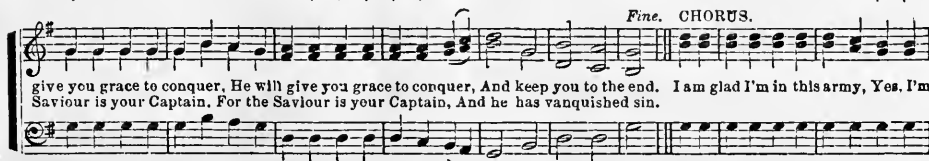
4 Earthly joys may all decline
At the mandate of the Giver,
Yet why shouldst thou e'er repine,
God forsakes the righteous never!

5 When thy final hour shall come,
Dark will be death's fearful river;
But a voice dispels the gloom,
God forsakes the righteous never!

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY. 7s & 6s.

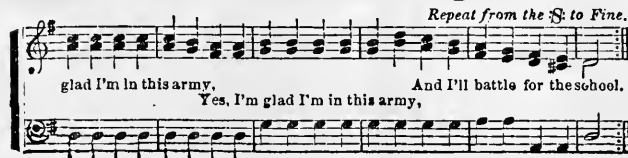


1 O, do not be discouraged, For Je-sus is your Friend, O do not be discouraged, For Jesus is your Friend, He will
2 Fight on, ye lit-tle soldiers, The battle you shall win, Fight on, ye little soldiers, The battle you shall win. For the



Fine. CHORUS.

give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And keep you to the end. I am glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm
Saviour is your Captain, For the Saviour is your Captain, And he has vanquished sin.



Repeat from the 8. to Fine.

glad I'm in this army, And I'll battle for the school.
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,

3.
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land.

Chorus.

JESUS EVER NEAR. C. M. Double.

1. Dear Saviour, ev - er at my side! How loving thou must be, To leave thy home in heaven, to guard A little child like me!
 2. I can - not feel thee touch my hand With pressure light and mild, To check me as my moth - er did, When I was but a child;
 3. And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down, Morning and night to prayer, Something there is within my heart, Which tells me thou art there.

Thy beauti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, tho' so near;
 But I have felt thee in my thoughts, Fighting with sin for me;
 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest, too—Thy prayer is all for me,
 Tho' sweetness of thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.
 And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from thee.
 But when I sleep, thou sleepest not, But watchest pa - tient - ly.

"ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED." C. M. (New Chain.)

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
 Remember me, remember me,
 Dear Lord, remember me;
 Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He hung upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree! Remember, &c.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin. Remember, &c.
 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes in tears. Remember, &c.
 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe.
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do. Remember, &c.

"REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR." (NEW CHAIN.) 29

- 1 Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days,
He will accept thy earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.
- 2 Remember thy Creator now,
And seek him while he's near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort near.

- 3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.
- 4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

OUR PASTOR. S. M.

THE SCHOOL.

WITH A CHORUS RESPONSE BY THE INFANT CLASS.

mf

1. To-day a youthful throng, Their gratitude to prove, Would mingle in a closing song Of tenderness and love.

p RESPONSE BY THE INFANT CLASS

Our pastor dear, our pastor dear, We sing a song of love to thee; Our pastor dear, our pastor dear, A song of love to thee.

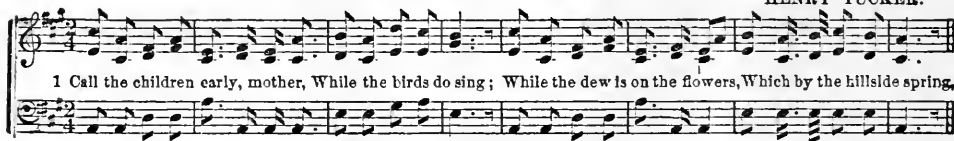
- 2 Why has a pastor's care
So kindly been bestowed,
While many a sweet an ardent prayer
From his full heart has flowed?
- 3 And why has truth divine
Soft from his lips distilled?
Why should his heart so much incline
Toward every little child?

- 4 O may the God of grace,
Who all the glory claims,
Long spare him in this hallowed place
To feed the tender lambs.
- 5 And may our hearts no more
Incline to sinful ways,
But learn our Saviour to adore,
And give to God the praise.

* The words of this song (without the chorus) were originally written by Dr. Hastings for a S. S. Celebration at St. George's Church, New-York, then under the pastoral care of the late Dr. Milnor. The response has been added as an appropriate "Refrain" for the little ones.

CALL THE CHILDREN EARLY.

HENRY TUCKER.

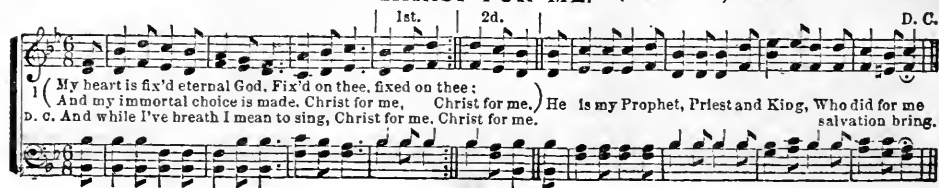


2
Call the children early, father,
While the dew is on ;
Great the work that must be done
Before the morning's gone.
Call them round the altar bright
On which burns devotion's light.

8
Call the children early, teacher—
To their wond'ring eyes,
Every Sabbath day, set forth
The pearl of richest price.
Call them early to the Lord—
Thou shalt reap a rich reward.

4
Call the children early, Shepherd,
Give the lambs thy care ;
See that they are folded safe
Within the house of prayer.
Call them at the dawn of day,
Lead them in the narrow way.

CHRIST FOR ME. (NEW CHAIN.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



CHRIST FOR ME. Concluded.

31

2 In him I see the Godhead shine
Christ for me, Christ for me;
He is the majesty divine,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
The Father's well-beloved son,
Co-partner of his royal throne,
Who did for human guilt atone,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

3 To-day as yesterday the same,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
How precious is his balmy name,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
Christ a mere man, may answer you
Who error's winding path pursue,
But I with past can never do,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

I'LL RISE UP EARLY IN THE MORNING.

Quick. | 1st time. | 2d time. WM. B. BRADBURY.

I (I'll rise up ear-ly in the morn-ing, The morning of the Sabbath day,) And haste to Sabbath school away.

CHORUS.

Sabbath-school.

For oh, I love the Sabbath-school, The Sabbath-school, the Sabbath-school, For oh, I love the Sabbath-school, The precious

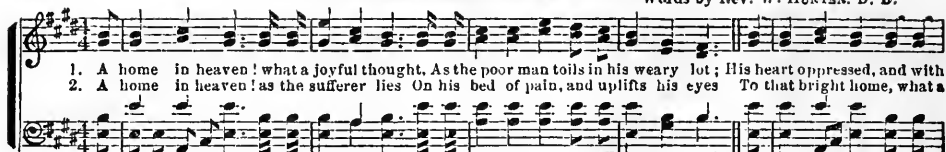
2.
While there I'll listen to my teacher,
And treasure up what he may say,
While their I'll listen to my teacher,
As up to heaven he points the way.
For oh, I love my teacher dear,
My teacher dear, my teacher dear,
For oh, I love my teacher dear,
So good and kind to me.

3.
I'll learn my lesson in the Bible,
And try to practice what I learn;
I'll learn my lesson in the Bible,
And every sinful way will shun.
For oh, I love that blessed book,
That blessed book, that blessed book,
For oh, I love that blessed book,
So full of grace and truth.

4.
Then I'll not trifle any longer.
Nor throw my precious hours away,
Then I'll not trifle any longer,
But go to Christ without delay;
And dwell with him in heaven above,
In heaven above, in heaven above—
And dwell with him in heaven above,
A heaven of joy and love,

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

Words by Rev. W. HUNTER, D. D.

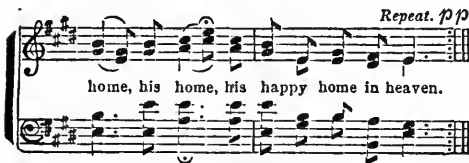


1. A home in heaven! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his weary lot; His heart oppressed, and with
 2. A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes To that bright home, what a
 A home, a home in heaven, &c.



anguish riven, From his home below to his home in heaven. His home, his home, his happy home in heaven, His
 joy is given, With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

CHORUS.



Repeat. pp

home, his home, his happy home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
 And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
 And strength decays, and our health is riven,
 We are happy still with our home in heaven.
 CHORUS.—Our home, &c.

4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
 By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
 Oh! then what bliss, in that heart forgiven,
 Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.
 CHORUS.—A home, &c.

5.

A home in heaven! when our friends are fled,
 To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead,
 We wait in hope on the promise given;
 We will meet up there, in our home in heaven.
 CHORUS.—Our home, &c.

6.

Our home in heaven! O the glorious home!
 And the Spirit joined with the Bride, says come;—
 Come seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
 And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.
 CHORUS.—Your home, &c.

"IT IS WELL."

33

QUARTETTE or CHOIR.



1 "It is well! It is well! It is well!" God's ways are always right, And love is o'er them all, Tho' far above our sight.

2
"It is well!"
Though deep and sore the smart,
He wounds who knows to bind,
And heal the broken heart.

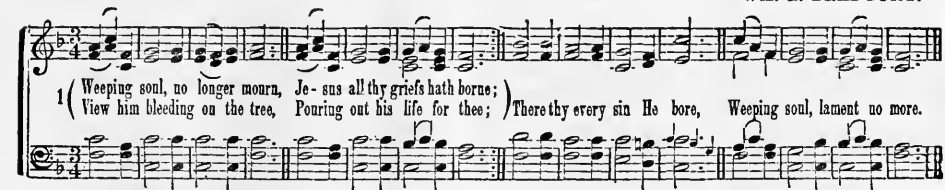
8
"It is well!"
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'Twill make the joy more dear,
That ushers in the day!

4
"It is well!"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.

ALETTA. 7s.

(NEW CHAIN.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

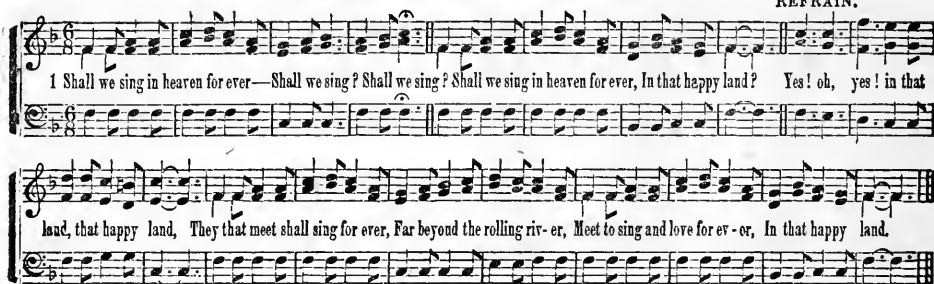


1 (Weeping soul, no longer mourn, Je- sus all thy griefs hath borne;
View him bleeding on the tree, Pouring out his life for thee;) There thy every sin He bore, Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid;
See, upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

WM. D. BRADBURY.
REFRAIN.

- 2 Shall we know each other, ever,
In that land?
Shall we know each other, ever,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall know each other,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.
- 3 Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.
- 4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that happy land?

- Yes!** oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.
- 5 Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.
- 6 Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Saviour,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever, &c.

THE GLAD HOSANNA.

(NEW CHAIN.)

35

Words by H. S. WASHBURN.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

Full Chorus. *ff*

Semi-Chorus of Girls. *pp**

Full Chorus.

1. { Shout a - gain the glad ho - san - na! Shout a - gain the glad ho - san - na, Hith - er all your tributes bring,
Un - der-neath our star-ry ban-ner, Un - der-neath our star-ry ban-ner, Let the swell-ing an-them ring: }

pp In strict time.

pp

Peace, Peace, Peace! For the Heavenly Dove de-scend-ing, Whispers to the na - tion, Peace, Peace, Peace!

Boys.

All in Full Chorus.

Then shout again your glad hosannas, Shout again your glad hosannas, Shout again! shout again! shout, shout again!

2.

: O'er the hills the Day is breaking, :
Brightly glows the morning star,
: And the toiling bondman halleth, :
Tidings, tidings from afar:
Peace, &c.

3.

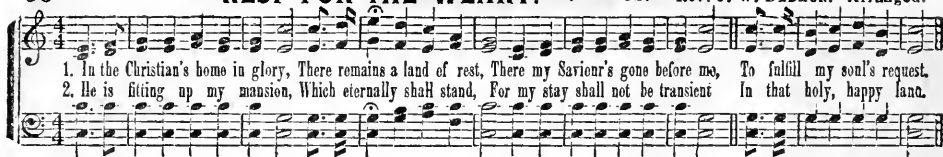
: East and West prolong the chorus, :
North and South are foes no more;
: War has ceased, and let the echo :
Swell along from shore to shore:
Peace, &c.

4.

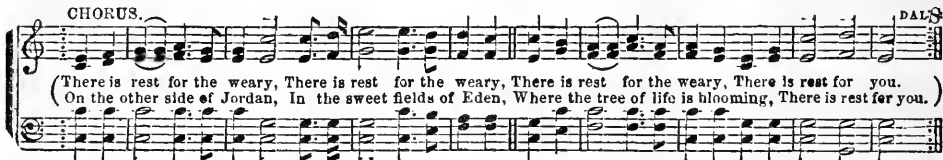
: Youth and age repeat the story, :
God hath set the captive free,
: Unto Him be all the glory, :
Peal it over land and sea:
Peace, &c.

* This should be sung in strict time, and so soft as to produce by contrast the effect of an echo.

Composed for and sung at the semi-centennial anniversary of the Am. S. S. Union, New York, May 8th, 1868.



CHORUS.



3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest for the weary, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O, ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest for the weary, &c.

5 Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest for the weary, &c.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1. O'ER the dark abodes of sorrow,
Cheered by no reviving ray,
Brightly temperance arising,
Brings a bright and glorious day,
CHORUS.—There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for all.

2 Thousands long in bondage groaning,
Hail the bright and glorious light;

See from eastern coast to western
Quickly fly the shades of night.

3 May the heart-reviving story,
Win and conquer—never cease—
May the ranks of temperance ever
Multiply and still increase.

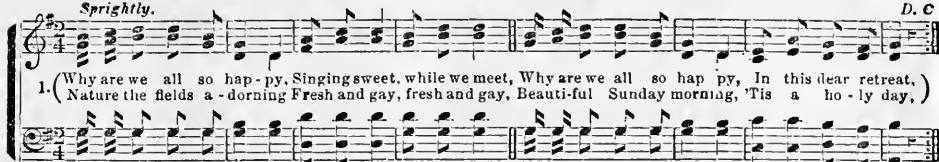
4 Now the trump of temperance sounding,
Rouse! ye freemen! why delay?
Let your voices, all resounding,
Welcome on the happy day.

WHAT MAKES US HAPPY. (New Chain.)

* 37

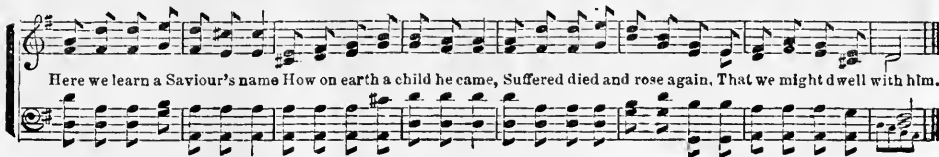
Sprightly.

D. C



1. (Why are we all so hap-py, Singing sweet, while we meet, Why are we all so hap py, In this dear retreat,)
(Nature the fields a - dorning Fresh and gay, fresh and gay, Beauti-ful Sunday morning, 'Tis a ho - ly day,)

Oho. That is what makes us happy, Singing sweet, while we meet, That is what makes us happy, In this dear retreat



Here we learn a Saviour's name How on earth a child he came, Suffered died and rose again, That we might dwell with him.

2.

What are the wild birds singing,
Full of glee—full of glee,
Swiftly their pinions winging,
O'er the flowery lea,
Praising the God who made them,
Free as air—free as air,
Kindly his hand arrayed them,
In the plumes they wear.

Wood and stream and meadow gay,
Join the merry, merry lay,
All are praising God to day,
And we will praise him too.

CHORUS.—That is what makes, &c.

3.

What are the angels singing,
Robed in white, crowned with light,
Ever their music ringing,
In that world so bright,
Singing of grace and glory,
Sweet and clear—sweet and clear,
Telling the wondrous story,
Children love so dear.

Happy, happy angel band,
Round our Father's throne they stand
In that pure and sunny land,
Our home beyond the sky.

CHORUS.—That is what makes, &c.

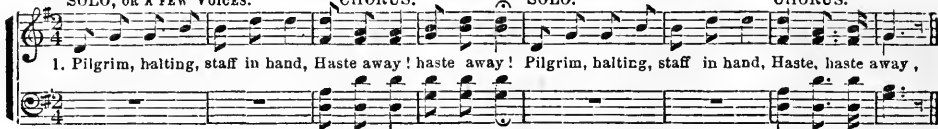
PILGRIM, HALTING, STAFF IN HAND.

SOLO, OR A FEW VOICES.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

CHORUS.



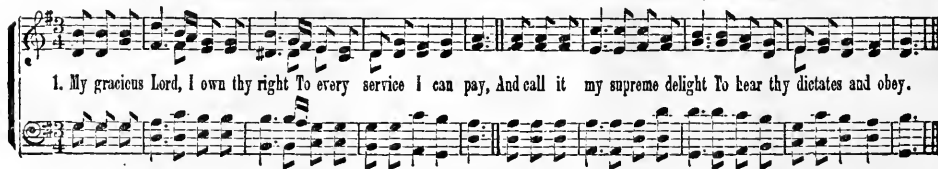
2 Though thy way seem dark and lone,
Look above, look above;
Though thy way seem dark and lone,
Look, look above;
All is light around the throne—
Sorrow's sighs are there unknown—
All is love, all is love,
All, all is love.

3 Pilgrim! God thy guide will be,
Him obey, him obey;
Pilgrim! God thy guide will be,
Him, him obey;
Trust him, though thou canst not see,
'Tis his hand that leadeth thee
All the way, all the way,
All, all the way.

4 Hark! a voice of melody!
"Pilgrim come! Pilgrim come!"
Hark! a voice of melody!
"Pilgrim, come home!"
'Tis thy father calleth thee,
Onward press, and soon thou'lt be
Safe at home, safe at home,
Safe, safe at home.

COTTAGE CHANT. L. M. (New Chain.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



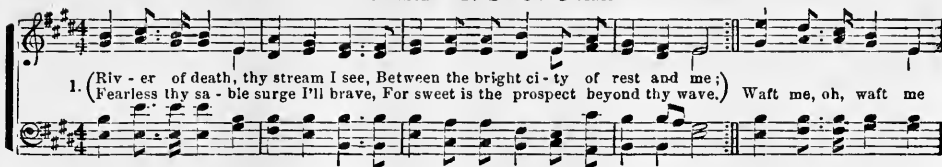
2 What is my being but for thee,—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

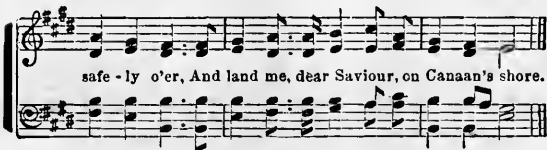
4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live—
To him who for my ransom died
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

CANAAN'S SHORE.

1. (Riv - er of death, thy stream I see, Between the bright ci - ty of rest and me;
Fearless thy sa - ble surge I'll brave, For sweet is the prospect beyond thy wave.) Waft me, oh, waft me



safe - ly o'er, And land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore.

2 Why should I fear to stem thy side,
With him who has loved me as guard and guide:
Wisdom and power control thy flood,
While faith says my passage was paid with blood,
Waft me, &c.

3 What is it gilds thy darksome foam.
'Tis light shining forth from my happy home,
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me over thy surface drear.
Waft me, &c.

4 Help me. I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes,
Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
Among the blest purchase of Calvary.
Waft me, &c.

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.



Very Spirited.

CHORUS. *f*

1. (Hear the roy - al proc - la - mation, The glad tidings of sal - va - tion,
Publishing to ev - ery creature, To the ru - ined sons of nature ;) Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,
2. (See the ro - yal banner flying, Hear the heralds loudly crying.
"Re - bel sioners, roy - al fa - vor Now is offered by the Saviour.") Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,

Je - sus reigns, he reigns victorious, Over heaven and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns, Je - sus reigns, Jesus reigns!

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 3. | 4. | 5. |
| <p>"Here is wine, and milk and honey ;
Come, and purchase without money ;
Mercy flowing from a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain."
<i>Cho.</i>—Jesus reigns, &c.</p> | <p>Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation :
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.
<i>Cho.</i>—Jesus reigns, &c.</p> | <p>Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption ;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory,
<i>Cho.</i>—Jesus reigns, &c.</p> |

(NEW CHAIN.)

ONE THING NEEDFUL. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Jesus, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art ;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee

ONE THING NEEDFUL. Concluded.

41

2 Needful is thy most precious blood,
To reconcile my soul to God;
Needful is thy indulgent care;
Needful thy all prevailing prayer.

8 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art thou, my guide, my stay,
Through all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
To bring my spirit home to thee.

5 Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing!
Glory and praise be ever his,
The one thing needful Jesus is.

OVER THE OCEAN WAVE. Missionary.



D.C

1st. 2d.

1. (O - ver the ocean wave, far, far a - way,)
(There the poor heathen live, waiting.....) for day; (Groping in ignorance, dark as the night,)
D. C. (Pi - ty them, pi - ty them, Christians at home.) and come. (No blessed Bi - ble to give them the light.)

2 Bowing to idol gods, daily they pray.
"Pity us, Juggernaut! we've given away
Lives of our children dear, thee to appease,
Give to us, give to us tokens of peace."—Chor.

3 Here, in this happy land, we have the light
Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright;

Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?—Chor.

4 Then while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, oh! see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."—Chor.

STAR OF ETERNAL DAY. (New Chain.)

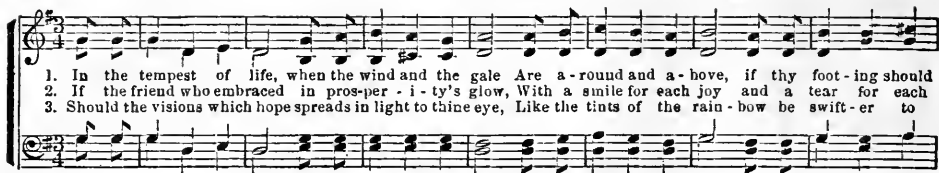
1 Star of eternal day,
Cloudless and bright,
Guide of the pilgrims' way,
Banish my night;
Come thou celestial Dove,
Dwell in my heart!
Source of immortal love
Never depart.

Oh, how I long for thee,
Spirit divine,
What is the world to me,
Jesus is mine.
2 When shall my wanderings cease,
When shall I rest
Safe in the port of peace,
Happy and blest,

There from thy dear embrace
Severed no more
Lord, I shall see thy face,
Praise and adore.
Oh! I would fly to thee,
Spirit divine;
Earth has no tie for me,
Jesus is mine,

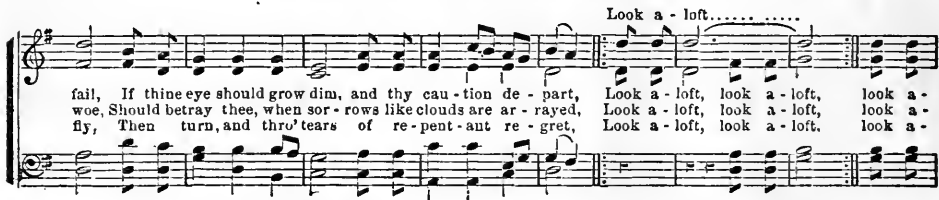
LOOK ALOFT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. In the tempest of life, when the wind and the gale Are a-round and a-hove, if thy foot-ing should
 2. If the friend who embraced in pros-per-i-ty's glow, With a smile for each joy and a tear for each
 3. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye, Like the tints of the rain-bow be swift-er to

Look a - loft.....



fail, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy cau-tion de-part, Look a-loft, look a-loft, look a-
 woe, Should betray thee, when sor-rows like clouds are ar-rayed, Look a-loft, look a-loft, look a-
 fly, Then turn, and thro' tears of re-pent-ant re-gret, Look a-loft, look a-loft, look a-



loft, and be firm, and con-fid-ing of heart, Look a-loft, and be firm, and con-fid-ing of heart.
 loft, to the friendship which nev-er shall fade, Look a-loft, to the friendship which nev-er shall fade.
 loft, to the sun that is nev-er to set, Look a-loft, to the sun that is nev-er to set.

4 Should the dearest of earth, the son of thy heart—
 The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart;
 Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To the soil where affection is ever in bloom,

5 And oh! when death comes, in his terrors to cast
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
 In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
 And a smile in thine eye, look aloft, and depart

WALK IN THE LIGHT. 7s.

43

1st.

2d.

1. (Pleasant is the Sabbath bell, In the light, in the light, Seeming much of joy to tell, In the light of God.
But a music sweeter far, In the light, in the light, Breathes where angels spirits are, In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light, In the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light. In the light of God.

♩ Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God ;
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

♩ Yes, that bliss our own may be,
In the light, in the light,
All the good shall Jesus see,
In the light of God ;
For the good a rest remains,
In the light, in the light,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

CALL TO PRAISE.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
In the light, in the light,
As we journey, sweetly sing,
In the light of God ;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
In the light, in the light,
Glorious in his works and ways,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the light, in the light,
In the way our fathers trod,
In the light of God ;
They are happy now, and we,
In the light, in the light,
Soon their happiness shall see,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

THE SWEETEST NAME.

"HE HATH GIVEN HIM A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME." &c.

1st. 2d. End. REFRAIN. D. C.

1. { There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven,
 { The name before his wondrous birth To Christ, the Saviour, given. } We love to sing around our King, And hail him blessed [Jesus;
 D. C. For there's no word ear ever heard, So dear, so sweet, as Je-sus. D. C.

2. His human name they did proclaim,
 When Abram's son they seal'd him;
 The name that still by God's good will,
 Deliverer revealed him.—*Cho.*

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote his name above him,

That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love him.—*Cho.*

4. So now upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.—*Cho.*

JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD. 6s & 5s. (NEW CHAIN.)

Earnestly.

S. MAIN. From "Sacred Lute."

1 Je-sus is our Shepherd, Wiping every tear; Folded in his bosom, What have we to fear?

On-ly let us fol-low Whither he doth lead, To the thirsty de-sert, Or the dew-y mead.

2
Jesus is our Shepherd;
Well we know his voice;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when he chideth,
Tender is his tone;
None but he shall guide us,
We are his alone.

3
Jesus is our Shepherd;
For the sheep he bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood he shed.
Then on each he setteth
His own secret sign:
"They that have my Spirit,
These," saith he, "are mine."

4
Jesus is our Shepherd,
Guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may threaten,
None can do us harm.
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

CANAAN.

Arranged.

1st. 2d. CHORUS.

1 (Come, children let us sweetly sing, We are bound for the land of Canaan;
All glory give to Christ, our King, We are bound for the land of [Omit..] Canaan. O Canaan, bright Canaan, We are

bound for the land of Canaan; O Canaan, it is my happy home, We are bound for the land of Ca - naan.

2 Come, then, and join our happy band,
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
To ever dwell at Christ's right hand,
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

3 Then louder still our songs shall rise—
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
When we are far beyond the skies—
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

Words by Hon. ROBT. H. PRUYN.*

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 When the bat - tle is fought, and the vic - to - ry won, Life's tri - als are ended, and life's duties done,
 2 The most youthful soldier will then have a share, In heav - en - ly mansions prepared for us there.

REFRAIN.

Then Je - sus, our Saviour, will welcome us home, No more in this desert of sin we shall roam. Safe, safe at home,
 The song of redemption, from infants, shall swell, As of Jesus, to wondering an - gels they tell.

Safe, safe at home, No more to roam, No more to roam, Safe, safe at home. Safe, safe at home, No more, no more to roam.

- 3 Though taken from earth in life's earliest morn,
 The crown of our Saviour we'll ever adorn,
 More bright than the stars will thy ransomed ones shine,
 For the radiance, dear Saviour, 's eternally thine.
- 4 Oh, then will our hearts swell, with rapture supreme,
 For Jesus, thy glories will over us beam,
 Our minds with the riches of wisdom be stored,
 For God will be known and for ever adored.

* The Refrain has been added to the original hymn.

I WOULD LOVE THEE HEAVENLY FATHER. 8s & 7s. (New Chain.) * 47

CHORUS.

1 (I would love thee, Heavenly father, My Redeem-er and my King;
I would love thee, for without thee Life is but a bit-ter thing.) I would love thee, I would

love thee, My Redeemer and my King; I would love thee, I would love thee, My Redeemer and my King.

2 I would love thee; every blessing,
Flows to me from out thy throne,
I would love thee; he who loves thee,
Never feels himself alone.—*Cho.*

3 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye;
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.—*Cho.*

CAPTIVITY. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' streams, We wept—with doleful thro'ts oppressed, And Zion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent string, neglected hung,
On willow trees that withered there.

3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skillful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

OH, THAT WILL JOYFUL BE.



1. Oh, that will joy - ful be, When we walk by faith no more, When the Lord we loved before As brother man we see,
2. Oh, that will joy - ful be, When to meet us rise and come All our buried treasures home—A gladsome company.

FULL CHO. to each stanza.

When he welcomes us a - bove, When we share his smile of love. Oh, that will joy - ful
When our arms em - brace a . gain, Those we mourned so long in vain.

be, Oh, that will joy - ful, joy - ful be, Oh, that will joy - ful be, Oh, that will joy - ful, joy - ful be.

- 3 Oh, that will joyful be,
When the foes we dread to meet,
Every one beneath our feet
We tread triumphantly.
When we never more can know
Slightest touch of pain or woe.
Chorus.—Oh, that will, &c.

- 4 Oh, that will joyful be,
When we hear what none can tell,
And the ringing chorus swell
Of angel's melody.
When we join their songs of praise,
Hallelujahs with them raise—
Chorus.—Oh, that will, &c

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

49

1. The gos - pel ship is sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, The gos - pel ship is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore ;
All who would ship for glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, All who would ship for glory, Come and welcome, rich and poor. }

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah ! All on board are sweetly singing, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb !

2 She has landed many thousands,
Thousands, thousands,
She has landed many thousands,
On fair Canaan's happy shore ;
And thousands now are sailing,
Sailing, sailing,
And thousands now are sailing,
Yet there's room for thousands more.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

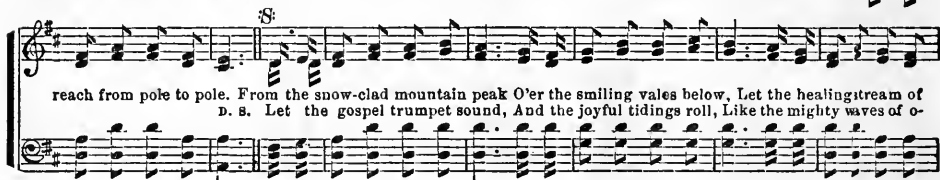
3. Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Breezes, breezes,
Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along.

Her company are singing,
Singing, singing,
Her company are singing,
Glory, glory is their song.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

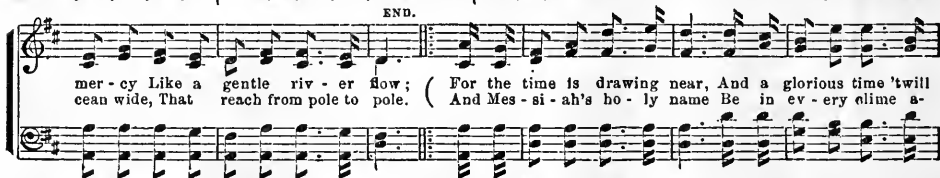
4. Take passage now for glory,
Glory, glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea ;
With us you shall be happy,
Happy, happy,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.



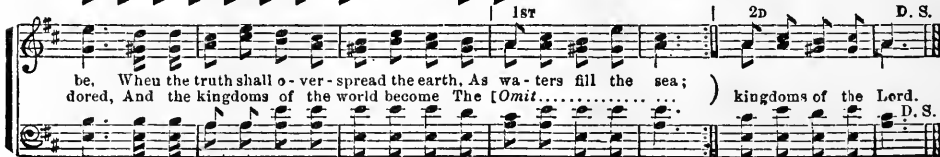
1. Let the gos - pel trumpet sound, And the joy - ful tid - ings roll, Shedding life and peace around, 'Till they



reach from pole to pole. From the snow-clad mountain peak O'er the smiling vales below, Let the healing stream of
D. S. Let the gospel trumpet sound, And the joyful tidings roll, Like the mighty waves of o-



mer - cy Like a gentle riv - er flow; (For the time is drawing near, And a glorious time 'twill
cean wide, That reach from pole to pole. And Mes - si - ah's ho - ly name Be in ev - ery clime a -



be, When the truth shall o - ver - spread the earth, As wa - ters fill the sea;) kingdoms of the Lord.
dored, And the kingdoms of the world become The [Omit.....] D. S.

3 Go ye forth to every land,
Preach the gospel in my name,
Was the Saviour's great command;
Joy to every soul proclaim,
To the weary tell of rest;
Open wide the prison door,
Fear ye not, for I am with you,
Till the world shall be no more.
Lo, the mission fields are white
With your banners wide unfurl'd,
Go, ye heralds of salvation,
Preach repentance to the world,

With the Bible in your hand,
And your Father's smile to cheer,
You shall reap a golden harvest,
And the happy time is near.
Chorus. Let the gospel, &c.

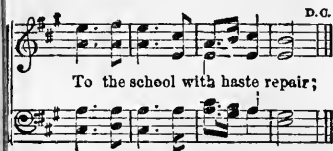
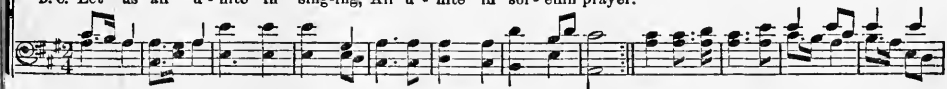
3 From their idols turned away,
By the light of pardoning love,
Shall the nations learn to pray
To the God who reigns above;
From the islands of the deep,
Over India's sultry plain,

Shall a choral hymn be wafted
To our native land again.
For the time is drawing near,
And a glorious time 'twill be,
When the truth shall overspread the
earth,
As waters fill the sea;
And Messiah's holy name
Be in every clime adored,
And the kingdoms of the world become
The kingdoms of the Lord.
Chorus. Let the gospel, &c.

THE MORNING BELLS. 8s & 7s.



1 (Hark! the morning bells are ringing! Children, haste without delay.)
Prayers of thousands now are winging, Up to heaven their silent way.) Come, children, come! the bells are ringing,
D.C. Let us all unite in sing-ing, All unite in sol-lemn prayer.



2
'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.
Chorus. Come, children, &c.

3
Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;

Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath-day.

Chorus Come, children, &c.

4
Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
Chorus. Come, children, &c.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

1 (Ye val - iant sol - diers of the cross, Ye hap - py pray - ing band ;
Tho' in this world you suf - fer loss, You'll reach fair Canaan's land ;) Let us

nev - er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we've all got the cross to bear ;

It will on - ly make the crown the brighter to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through. *Cho.*

3 O what a glorious shout there'll be,
When we arrive at home.
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done." *Cho*

HEAVENLY CANAAN. C. M.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Cho.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c.
- 2 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
Their God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 3 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest!
When shall I see my Father's face,
And on his bosom rest?

HEAVEN. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a clime where Jesus reigns,
A home of grace and love,
Where angels sing, in sweetest strains,
Of his redeeming love.
Cho.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c.
- 2 And children, too, will join to bless
The precious Saviour's name,
Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
And saved from sin and shame.
- 3 Yet all, alas! may not be there,
For some will slight his grace;
Now, though he calls, they do not care
To turn and seek his face.

- 4 He says to all "Come unto me,
And I will give you rest."
Oh! linger not, but haste to be
With his salvation blest.

THE BLEST GOSPEL BANNER.

Music.—"The Star Spangled Banner." p. 22.

- 1 It first was unfurled upon Bethlehem's plain,
Where shepherds their lone starry night-watch were
keeping:
And Judea's hills echoed back the refrain,
While God's chosen race all unconscious were sleeping,
As angelic bands lifted high in their hands
The standard which yet was to conquer all lands,
O say, does the blest gospel banner yet wave
Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave?
- 2 Yes! from dark lonely watch-towers it floated for years,
When dim mists and black shadows enveloped the ages,
At first crimsoned with blood, and then darkened with
tears,
With which martyrs recorded their names on earth's
pages.
Now hath vanished the night, and we hail the glad light,
Which illumines that banner, unfurled to our sight,
'Tis the blest gospel banner—long may it wave
Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave.
- 3 And thus be it ever with the foes of the right,
Who hurl on our cause their fierce imprecations,
For God helps to triumph in his holy night,
The men who will serve him through all generations;
And when dust to dust shall return, as it must,
We may praise him forever, who now is our trust:
And the blest gospel banner in glory shall wave
Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave!

RESTING AT HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d.

1. (Cheer-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly en-ward we move, A) hap-py, bright band to the land that we love, From whose golden gates we shall wander no more, A land where the

sorrows of life shall be o'er, Where is freedom from sin, and from sorrow and night, A land full of ho-li-ness, beauty, and light.

CHORUS to each verse.

1st. 2d.

Pilgrims and strangers, no more shall we roam, Hap-pi-ly, hap-pi-ly rest-ing at home; Hap-pi-ly, hap-pi-ly, resting at home.

2.

Cheerfully, cheerfully we will attend
The message which Christ thro' our teachers shall send,
A message of freedom, a message of peace,
From Satan's temptations a final release,
Oh! welcome the day, when thus ransomed from sin,
The teacher and scholar shall both enter in.

CHORUS—Pilgrims and strangers, &c.

3.

Cheerfully, cheerfully angels shall wait,
To welcome us in at the bright, pearly gate!
A Sabbath so sacred! so glorious we'll spend,
A long day of resting that never shall end,
One sweet song of praise to the Lamb that was slain!
When we pass over Jordan we'll praise him again.

CHORUS.—Pilgrims and strangers, &c.

LET ME GO. 8s & 7s.

(NEW CHAIN.) 55

Words by Rev L. HARTSOUGH.

WM. B. BRADBURY

1 Let me go wheresaintsaregoing, To the mansions of the blest, Let me go where my Re-

CHORUS. Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day, Bear me o - ver, angel

deemer has prepared his people's rest. I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they

pinions, Longs my soul to be a - way.

dwell for ev - er - more, I would join the friends that wait me, Ov - er on the other shore.

2 Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe.
Let me go and bathe my spirit,
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal,
Lures my soul away, away.
And the victor's song triumphant,
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie.
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

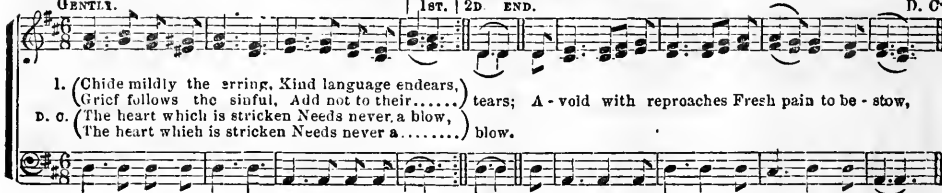
CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING. 6s & 5s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

GENTLY.

1st. 2d. END.

D. C.



1. (Chide mildly the erring, Kind language endears,
Grief follows the sinful, Add not to their.....) tears; A - void with reproaches Fresh pain to be - stow,
D. C. (The heart which is stricken Needs never a blow,
The heart which is stricken Needs never a.....) blow.

2 Chide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall,
If strength be but human,
How weakly were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,

When tempests so shadow
Life's wearisome way.

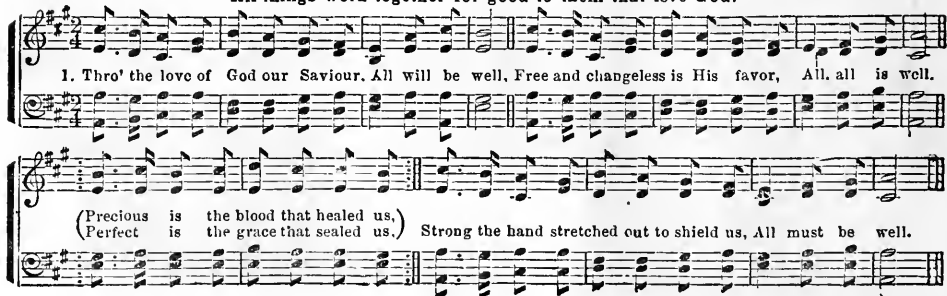
3 Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care,
Their nature's are mortal,

They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise,
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies.

ALL WILL BE WELL. (New Chain.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."



1. Thro' the love of God our Saviour, All will be well, Free and changeless is His favor, All, all is well.

(Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us.) Strong the hand stretched out to shield us, All must be well.

ALL WILL BE WELL. Concluded.

57

2 Though we pass through tribulation, All will be well,
Ours is such a full salvation, All, all is well;
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding
Holy through the Spirit's guiding, All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow, All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow, All, all is well;
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying, All must be well.

WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT. 7s.

Words contributed by LUCIUS HART, Esq.

Cheerfully.

1. (When the day, with rosy light, On the Sabbath morn appears,) (To the Sabbath school we go,)
(And the dusk - y shades of night Melt away in dew - y tears,) (Glad to hear instruction there) Sing the songs that

p Boys. p Girls. f Both.
sweetly flow, And join the solemn prayer. Sing the song, Sing the song, Sing the songs that sweetly flow, And join the solemn
prayer.

2 Softly on the Sabbath air
Swell our hymns of grateful love;
Jesus listens to our prayer,
Hears the children's strains above.
They who early seek his grace,
Objects of his tender care,
Sing the songs of endless praise,
In heavenly mansions fair.
Sing the song, Sing the song,
Sing the songs of endless praise,
In heavenly mansions fair.

3 He who left his throne above,
Poor, lost sinners to redeem,
He whose words are life and love—
Jesus Christ shall be our theme—
Thus to Sabbath school we go,
In its sacred duties share,
Learn the songs of heaven below,
And gladly worship there.
Learn the song, Learn the song,
Learn the songs of heaven below,
And gladly worship there.

Quick.

1 The mites have the blessing, The mil-lions have naught; Our faith thus expressing, Our gift we have brought;
D. O. mites have the blessing, The mil-lions have naught; Our faith thus expressing, Our gift we have brought.

END.

Had we followed love's promptings, It might have been such As to for-felt the promise, By giv-ing too much. The

D. O.

2 The mites have the blessing;
Oh! when shall we learn
The first Gospel lesson,
And from the world turn

And leave to the miser
His golden delights!
Far better and wiser.
With our blessed mites.

ROCK OF AGES. 7S. (NEW CHAIN.) DR. T. HASTINGS.

1 Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee! (Let the wa - ter and the blood,)
From thy riven side which flowed.)

D. C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Fine.

D. C.

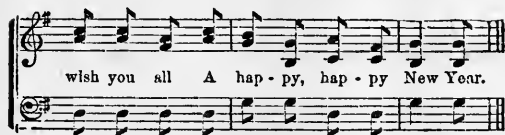
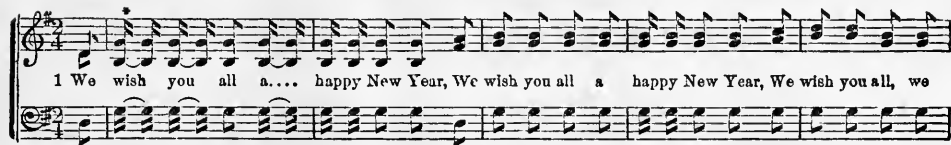
2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

8 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee

HAPPY NEW YEAR.



2
We wish our teachers a happy New Year,
We wish our teachers, wish our teachers
A happy, happy New Year.

8
We wish our superintendent a happy New Year,
We wish our superintendent, wish our superintendent,
A happy, happy New Year.

4
We wish our pastor a happy New Year,
We wish our pastor, wish our pastor
A happy, happy New Year.

5
We wish our country a happy New Year,
We wish our country, wish our country
A happy, happy New Year.

6
God bless our land this happy New Year,
God bless our land, God bless our land,
This happy, happy New Year.

* Omit stave for third strain.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

QUICK.

MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May, Who sung in the apple-tree, o-ver the way, What 'twas she was
 2. "Tee-to - tal! oh! that's the first word of my lay, And then, don't you see how I rattled away? I just have been

CHORUS.

singing so sweetly s-bout; For I'd tried a long time but I could not find out; "Why, I'm sure," she replied, "you dipping my beak in the spring, And brushing the face of the lake with my wing: Cold.. water! cold water! yes,

Girls,

Boys.

Girls,

Boys.

cannot guess wrong, Don't you know I am singing a temperance song? Cold water! cold water! cold water! cold that is my song, And I love to keep singing it all the day long. Cold water! cold water! cold water! cold

ALL.

water! Don't you know I am singing a cold water song.

All the birds to the cold water army be-long.

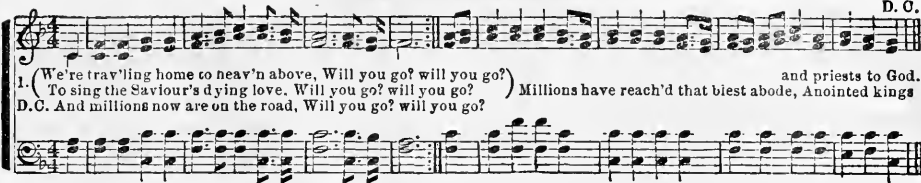
3 "And now, my sweet Miss, won't you give me a crumb
 For the dear little nestlings remaining at home;
 And one thing beside, since my story you've heard,
 I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird,
 And never forget, while you list to my song,
 All the birds to the cold water army belong."
 Cold water! &c.

WILL YOU GO ?

(NEW CHAIN.)

61

D. C.



1. (We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will you go? will you go?) and priests to God.
To sing the Saviour's dying love. Will you go? will you go? Millions have reach'd that blest abode, Anointed kings
D.C. And millions now are on the road, Will you go? will you go?

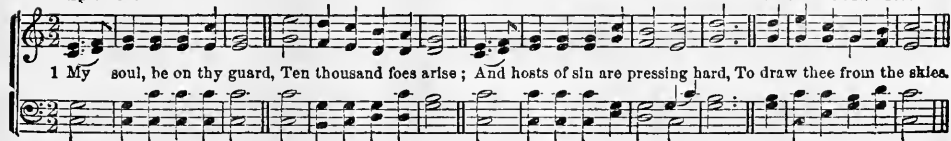
2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go? will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go? will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
Will you go? will you go?

3 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go? will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go? will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
Will you go? will you go?

LABAN. S. M.

Spirited.

DR. L. MASON. 1830.

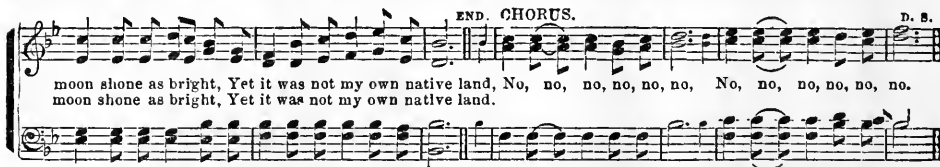
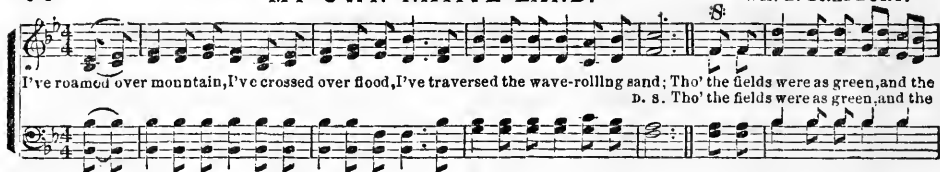


1 My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; And hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

2
Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;—
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3
Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4
Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To his divine abode.



2 The right hand of friendship, how oft have I grasped,
And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland;
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the west—in my own native land,
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
Yet happier far were the hours, &c.

3 Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree;
'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, &c.

IMPORTANCE OF THE BIBLE TO THE YOUNG.

Tune.—BROWN. Page 97. (New Chain.)

1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise:
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

THE BIBLE.

1

THANK God for the Bible! 'tis here that we find
The story of Christ and his love—
How he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above;
Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will sing,
For he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above.

2

While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind,
And to mourners his blessings were given;
And he said let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Jesus calls us to come,
He's prepared us a home.
For he said let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

3

In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.
Jesus calls, shall we stay?
Not we'll gladly obey.
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.

4

Thank God for the Bible! its truth o'er the earth
We'll scatter with a bountiful hand;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land.
There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we'll sing,
And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we dwell,
In heaven—that beautiful land.

MY DEAR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1

To the sports of the thoughtless, or pleasure of ~~sin~~,
Some give the sweet Sabbath of rest;
But away with all sports, or pleasures so vain,
For my dear Sunday School is the best,
My dear Sunday School is the best,
My dear Sunday School is the best,
But away with all sports, or pleasures so vain,
For my dear Sunday School is the best.

2

I love my companions, I love youth's gay scenes,
With brightness and purity blest;
Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
For my dear Sunday School is the best,
My dear Sunday School is the best,
My dear Sunday School is the best.
Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
For my dear Sunday School is the best.

3

I love the sweet birds, and the fields, and the flowers,
In beauty so charmingly dressed;
But there's purer delight in the still sacred hours,
For my dear Sunday School is the best,
My dear Sunday School is the best,
My dear Sunday School is the best.
But there's purer delight in the still sacred hours,
For my dear Sunday School is the best.

4

Then I'll sing of my school, and the Sabbath I love,
Bright emblems of heavenly rest;
Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine!
Oh, bring me to share in that rest,
Bring me to share in that rest,
Bring me to share in that rest.
Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine!
Oh, bring me to share in that rest.

ZION'S HILL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d. CHORUS.—VERY SPIRITED.

1 (What are these soul-reviving strains Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud and louder still, So sweetly sound [omit] from Zion's hill?) Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na to the

Lamb of God! Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na, in the highest, in the high-est, in the high-est.

2 Lo! 'tis an infant choros sings,
Hosannas to the King of kings,
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart,
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout thro' highest heaven.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

WARD. L. M.

(NEW CHAIN.)

Arranged by DR. L. MASON.

1 God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade; Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold him present with
[his aid.]

²
Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

³
There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

⁴
That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace, thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

⁶
Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

ZION ENCOURAGED. L. M. (NEW CHAIN.)

- 1 Zion, awake; thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.
- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too.

LONELY TRAVELER.

I'm a lone-ly traveler here, Weary, oppressed, But my journey's end is near—Soon shall I rest!
D. S. Ask me not with you to stay, Yon - der's my home.

Dark and dreary is the way, Toil - ing I've come;
D. S.

- 4 I'm a traveler, and I go Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below—I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain, All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain, If heaven be mine.

- 2 I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on,
For my journey's end is near, I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away;
Pleasures that for ever live—I can not stay.
- 3 I'm a traveler to a land Where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band—All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor hearts be sad;
Where the glory is for all, and All are glad.

- 5 I'm a traveler—call me not—Upward my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot; I can not stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all, Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call Yonder's my home.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.



1 Oh! there is a riv-er whose fresh waters flow O'er earth's broadest surface, a cure for all woe Its streams are all

CHORUS.—*A little Faster.*

healing, there's life in each wave, Oh, try it and prove it, 'tis mighty to savo. Jesus calls, will you come? will you

come? will you come? will you come? Je - sus calls, will you come? will you come? Come to Je - sus, come now.

CODA.—*Original Time.*

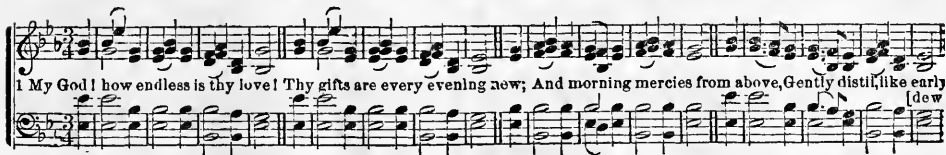
Yes, come, O come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, come now, Yes, come, O come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, come now.

2 Oh! drink of this river, its full crystal flood
Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load,
Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife,
This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."—*Chorus.*

8 This beautiful river our boast well may be,
'Tis fresh, overflowing, and better, 'tis free!
The sin-sick rejoice in this peace-speaking tide,
This river is Jesus, the "once crucified."—*Chorus.*

GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.



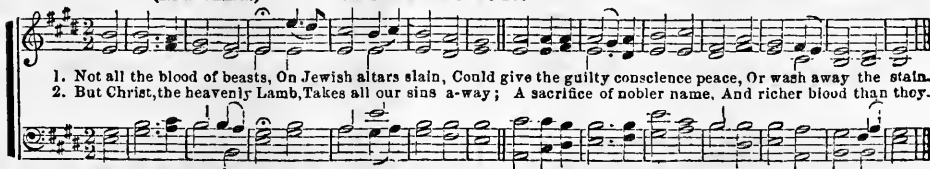
2 Thon spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

8 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

(NEW CHAIN.)

MORNINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thon didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes, her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Moderato, — Gently, — Smoothly.

1st. 2d. END

1. (Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest ;
Here as a pilgrim I wander a - lone, (OMIT.....)) Yet I am blest ;
D. C. My heart doth leap while I hear Je - sus say, (OMIT.....) There, there is rest.

D. C.

For I look for - ward to that glorious day, When sin and sor - row shall van - ish a - way ;

2.

Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest ;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest,
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,
They have been called to receive their reward,
There, there is rest.

3.

This world of care is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest ;
Here must I bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary for ever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast—
There, there is rest.

LIVING WATERS. C. M. (New Chain.)
Tune.—ALEXANDER. Page 75.

- 1 Oh ! what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds ;
Your every burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.
- 3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts ;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.
- 4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore and bless.

THE PLEASANT SABBATH BELLS.

69

ALL. BOYS. GIRLS. ALL.

1. (The Sabbath bells are ringing, Ringing, ringing, The Sabbath bells are ringing, Then haste without de-lay)
 (To join in prayer and singing, Singing, singing, To join in prayer and singing, O children, come a-way.)

CHORUS.

The bells the Sabbath bells are ringing, ringing, They call to prayer and to singing, singing, The

pleasant Sabbath bells, Their joy-ful ring-ing tells that the hour for Sabbath-school has come.

2 The hour of pleasant meeting,
 Meeting, meeting,
 The hour of pleasant meeting,
 We'll all be ready there;
 Teachers and scholars greeting,
 Greeting, greeting,
 Teachers and scholars greeting
 To join in praise and prayer.—*Cho.*

3 Let none outside be staying,
 Staying, staying,
 Let none outside be staying,
 Or loitering by the way;
 But here their lessons saying,
 Saying, saying,
 But here their lessons saying,
 Enjoy this blessed day.—*Cho.*

SWEETLY SING, SWEETLY SING.

Words by Miss J. W. SAMPSON.

1. Sweet-ly sing, sweet-ly sing, Prais-es to our heavenly King; Let us raise, let us raise High our notes of praise;

Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to Him who reigns a-bove; Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thankful tongues.

2.

Angels bright, angels bright,
 Robed in garments pure and white,
 Chant his praise, chant his praise,
 In melodious lays;
 But from that bright, happy throng,
 Ne'er can come this sweetest song—
 Redeeming love, redeeming love,
 Brought us here above.

3.

Far away, far away,
 We in sin's dark valley lay,
 Jesus came, Jesus came,
 Blessed be his name!
 He redeemed us by his graoc,
 Then prepared in heaven a place
 To receive—to receive
 All who will believe.

4.

Now we know—now we know
 We to heaven must shortly go;
 Soon the call—soon the call
 Comes to one and all.
 Saviour! when our time shall come,
 Take us to our heavenly home,
 There we'll raise notes of praise,
 Through unending days.

DIFFUSION OF THE GOSPEL. S. M. *Tune*—STATE ST. (New Chain.)

1 O Lord our God! arise;
 The cause of truth maintain,
 And wide o'er all the peopled world,
 Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
 Nor let thy glory cease;
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.

3 Spirit of grace! arise,
 Expand thy healing wing,
 And o'er a dark and ruined world,
 Let light and order spring.

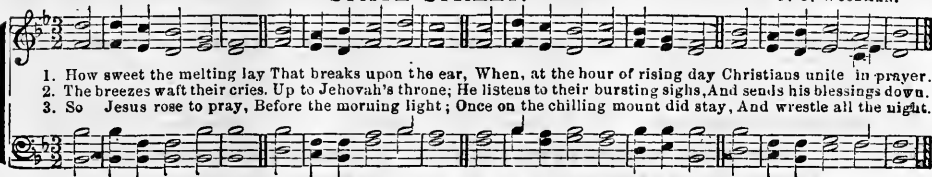
4 Let all on earth! arise,
 To God, the Saviour, sing;
 From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
 Let echoing anthems sing.

1 Early rise, early rise,
As the Sabbath school you prize;
Haste away, haste away, 'Tis the Sabbath day.
We must neither work nor play;
Nor from Sabbath school must stay;
This the rule, this the rule, Go to Sabbath school.
2 Sabbath school, Sabbath school,
How I love the Sabbath school?
Let us go, let us go, Wiser still to grow.
Here we read, and sing, and pray,
Talk of heaven, and learn the way;
Hie away, hie away, On this holy day.

3 Children here, children here,
Come to learn, obey, and fear;
Fear the Lord, fear the Lord, Read his holy word.
Thus shall love and filial fear
Mingle with devotion here,
Pressing on, pressing on, Youth will soon be gone.
4 We, in youth, we, in youth,
Will obey and love the truth;
Walk therein, walk therein, Turning from all sin.
Then, when age and death come on,
We may safely lean upon
Jesus' breast, Jesus' breast, Die, and be at rest.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



1. How sweet the melting lay That breaks upon the ear, When, at the hour of rising day Christians unite in prayer.
2. The breezes waft their cries. Up to Jehovah's throne; He listens to their bursting sighs, And sends his blessings down.
3. So Jesus rose to pray, Before the morning light; Once on the chilling mount did stay, And wrestle all the night.

THE ACCEPTED TIME. (New Chain.)

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
2 Now is th'accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th'accepted time;
The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.



1. Come, come, sing to the Saviour, Love, love beams from his eye; Haste, then, share in his fa - vor?

Worship the Saviour on high, Worship the Saviour, Worship the Saviour, Worship the Saviour on high.

2.

Praise, praise, yield him with gladness,
Earth, earth, banish thy gloom;
Where, death, where is thy sadness?
Jesus returns from the tomb,
Jesus returns,
Jesus returns from the tomb.

3

Rise, rise, free from thy mourning
Light, light, spreads from the sky,
See, see, bright the day dawning,
Jesus is risen on high;
Jesus is risen,
Jesus is risen on high.

4.

Hail, hail, children adore him,
Here, here, anthems should ring,
There, there, dwelling before him,
Loudest hosannas we'll sing;
Loudest hosannas,
Loudest hosannas we'll sing.

THE HOME MISSIONARY'S EXAMPLE. 7s. Tune.—VIOLET. (New Chain.)

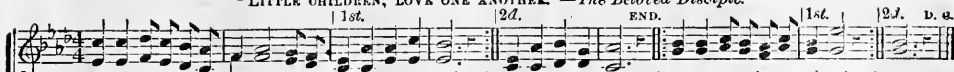
- 1 Onward, herald of the gospel,
Bear thy tidings through the land;
Preach the word, as heaven's apostle,
Sent by Christ's divine command.
Jesus, once the gospel preaching,
Through his native Judah went.
Salem's sons in mercy teaching,
Calling Israel to repent.
- 2 Israel, all his deep love slighting,
Spurning all his tenderness,
Still he followed, still inviting,
Weeping where he could not bless.

- Follow, then, thy Lord's example;
Toil in hope, nor faint, nor fear,
For thy needs his grace is ample,
At thy side he's ever near.
- 3 Work, until the day is ended,
Till thy sun sinks in the West;
Then, with joy and triumph blended,
Christ shall bring thee to his rest,
Onward, herald of the gospel,
Bear thy tidings through the land;
Preach the word, as heaven's apostle,
Sent by Christ's divine command.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER. 8s & 7s.

73

"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."—*The Beloved Disciple.*



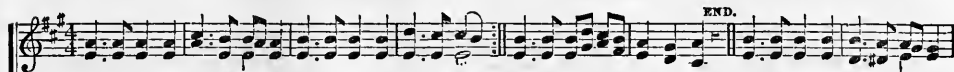
1 Children, do you love each other? Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others As you'd [OMIT.....] have them do to you? (Are you gentle to each other?
(Are you careful day by [OMIT] day?
D. C. (Not to give offence by actions, Nor by any thing you say?
(Not to give offence by actions, Nor by [OMIT.....] any thing you say?
END. D. C.

2 Little children, love each other—
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

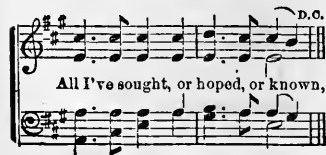
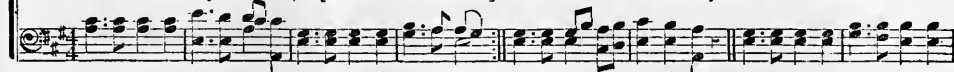
Be not selfish to each other;
Never spoil another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

VIOLET. 8s & 7s.

(NEW CHAIN.)



1 (Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, [OMIT.....] Thou from hence my all shalt be; Perish every fond ambition—
D. C. Yet how rich is my condition,— [OMIT.....] God and heaven are still my own.

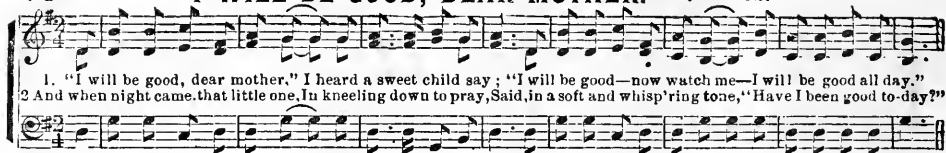


All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

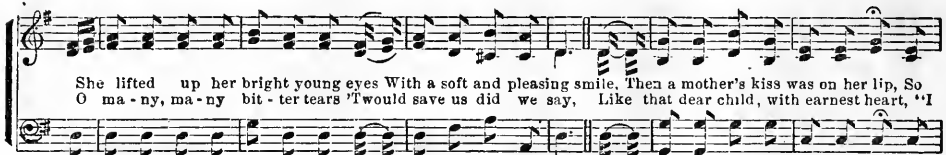
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might!
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Perish, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor life is gain:
Oh! 'tis not 'n grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me—
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

I WILL BE GOOD, DEAR MOTHER.* 7s & 6s.

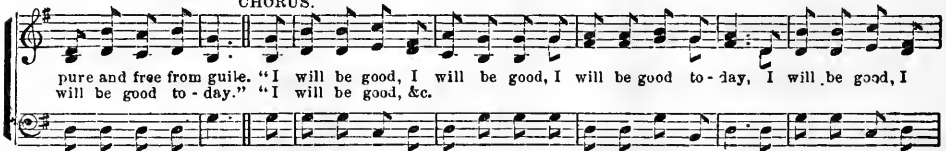


1. "I will be good, dear mother," I heard a sweet child say; "I will be good—now watch me—I will be good all day."
2 And when night came, that little one, In kneeling down to pray, Said, in a soft and whisp'ring tone, "Have I been good to-day?"

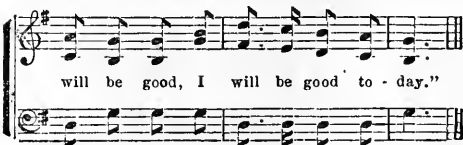


She lifted up her bright young eyes With a soft and pleasing smile. Then a mother's kiss was on her lip, So
O ma - ny, ma - ny bit - ter tears 'Twould save us did we say, Like that dear child, with earnest heart, "I

CHORUS.



pure and free from guile. "I will be good, I will be good, I will be good to - day, I will be good, I
will be good to - day." "I will be good, &c.



will be good, I will be good to - day."

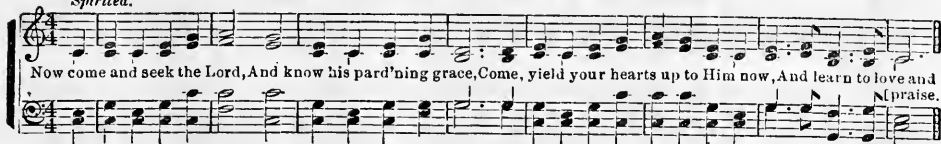
* May be sung as a Song, with Chorus.

- 3 Jesus can help us to be good—
To Him we'll humbly pray;
His grace alone can make us good,
And keep us good all day.
He'll help us hate all evil thoughts,
All sinful words and ways;
And in his service take delight
Through all our earthly days.—*Chorus.*

SALVATION'S FREE. S. M.

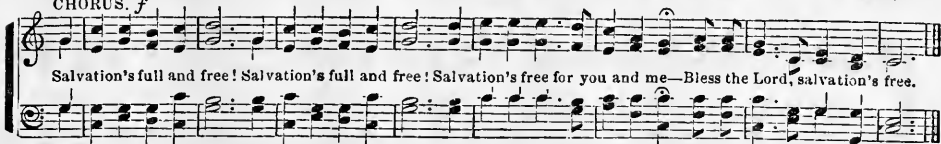
(New Chain.) * 75

Spirited.



Now come and seek the Lord, And know his pard'ning grace, Come, yield your hearts up to Him now, And learn to love and [praise.

CHORUS. *f*



Salvation's full and free! Salvation's full and free! Salvation's free for you and me—Bless the Lord, salvation's free.

2 He bought you with His blood,
He'll wash you white as snow,
And through your soul the peaceful stream
Of love and joy shall flow—*Cho.*

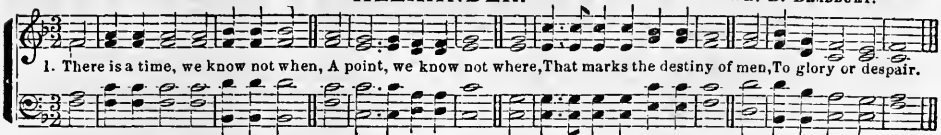
3 Say, sinners, can you still
Resist His dying love;

Refuse the offers of His grace,
And lose a home above!—*Cho.*

4 Gaze on the bloody cross!
Gaze on your dying Lord!
Now think, He only died to save
From hell, from sin's reward.—*Cho.*

ALEXANDER. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. There is a time, we know not when, A point, we know not where, That marks the destiny of men, To glory or despair.

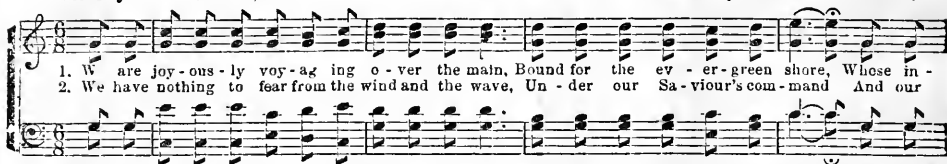
2 There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

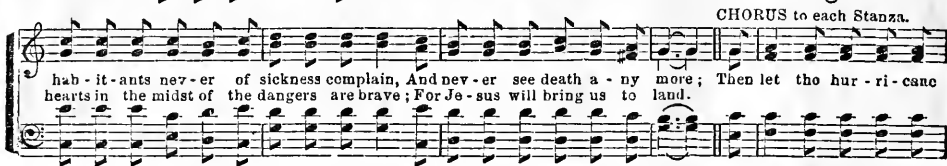
Words by WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

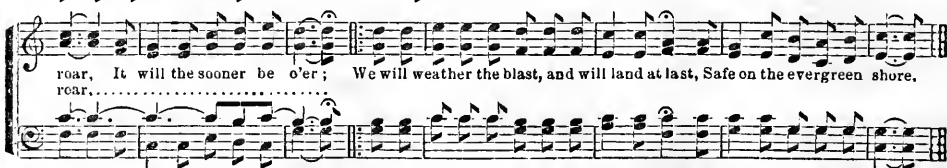


1. W are joy - ous - ly voy - ag - ing o - ver the main, Bound for the ev - er - green shore, Whose in -
 2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un - der our Sa - viour's com - mand And our

CHORUS to each Stanza.



hab - it - ants nev - er of sickness complain, And nev - er see death a - ny more; Then let tho hur - ri - cano
 hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave; For Je - sus will bring us to land.



roar, It will the sooner be o'er; We will weather the blast, and will land at last, Safe on the evergreen shore,
 roar,

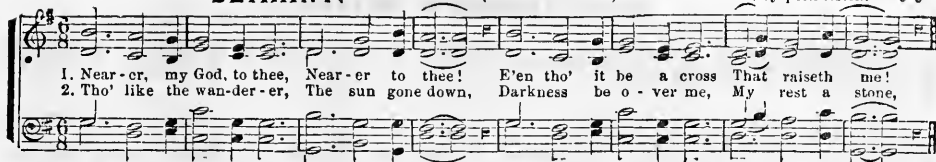
3.
 Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;
 Nothing can baffle his skill;
 And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,
 Can make the loud tempest be still.—*Cho.*

4.
 In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon,
 Send not a glimmering ray,
 Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,
 Will drive all our terror away.—*Cho.*

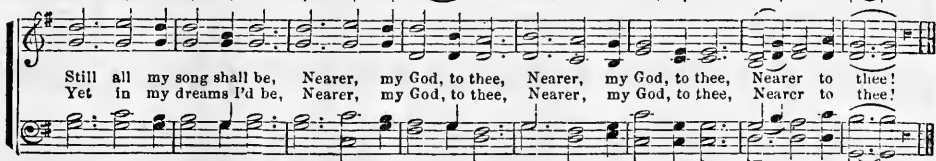
5.
 Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave,
 Fearfully overhead break;
 There is one by our side that can comfort and save;—
 There's one who will never forsake.—*Cho.*

6.
 Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,
 Sink to be seen never more;
 He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,
 Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.—*Cho.*

BETHANY, 6s & 4s. (New Chain.) DR. L. MASON, by permission. 77



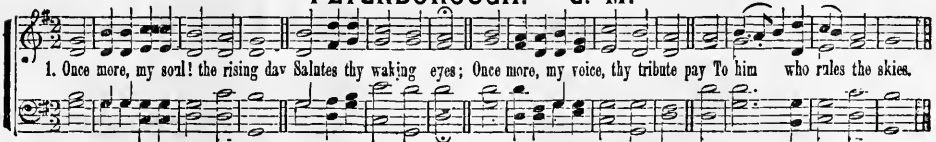
1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me!
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,



Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

<p>3 There let the way appear Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me, In mercy given: Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!</p>	<p>4 Then with my waking thoughts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!</p>	<p>5 Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!</p>
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PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



1. Once more, my soul! the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

THE BETTER LAND. 8s & 7s.

'BUT NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS AN HEAVENLY.'—Paul.
CHORUS.

1 BOYS. Whither, pilgrims, are you going, Going each with staff in hand?
GIRLS We are going on a journey, Going at our kings command; } Over hills, and plains, and
2 BOYS. Fear ye not the way so lonely, You, a lit - tle, feeble band?
GIRLS. No, for friends unseen are near us, Holy an - gels round us stand; } Christ our leader, walks be-
val - leys, We are go - ing to his pa - lace, We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing
side us, He will guard, and He will guide us, He will guard, and He will guide us, Guide us
to the bet - ter land; We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Going to the better land.
to that better land; He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us to the better land.

8 BOYS. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off, better land?

GIRLS. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand;

ALL. We shall drink of life's clear river
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever
In that bright, that better land.

4 BOYS. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?

GIRLS. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.

ALL. Come. O come! and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us.
In that bright, that better land.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. 7s & 6s.

79

Words by KATE CAMERON.

"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."—Jesus.

1. (GIRLS. Oh, come to the good Shep-herd, And rest with-in his fold; He'll guard you from temp-
 1. (BOYS. His love is all-suf-fi-cient, His grace will bear you through, He'll aid you in your

CHORUS to each Stanza.

ta-tion, He'll keep you, young and old,
 du-ties, And teach you what to do.) Then come, Oh come, yes come, come, come, You're not too young, You're

not to old, To rest in the good Shepherd's fold, To rest, to rest in the good Shepherd's fold.

2.

GIRLS. Oh, who would wish to wander
 From such a fold as this?

Without is gloomy terror,
 Within is perfect bliss.

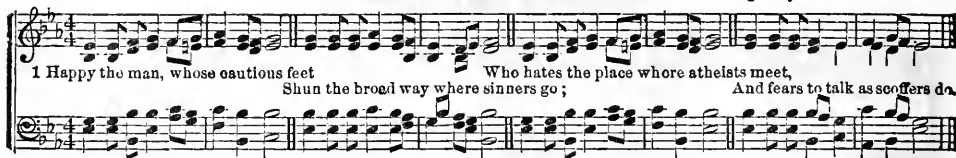
BOYS. Though rough the path, and thorny,
 You will be safe from harm,
 From all your foes defended,
 By the good Shepherd's arm.

CHORUS.—Then come, &c.

3.

GIRLS. The world is full of trials,
 And sorrow comes to all;
 But happy those who listen
 To the good Shepherd's call,
 For every grief that darkens,
 And all the tears that dim,
 Are sent to us in mercy,
 To draw us nearer him.

CHORUS.—Then come, &c.



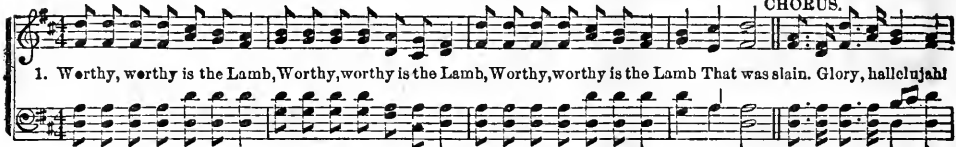
2 He loves to employ his morning light,
Among the statues of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB. 7s & 4s.

(NEW CHAIN.)

CHORUS.



2. Sons of Morning, sing his praise,
In the noblest strains you raise,
Man's redemption claims your lays,
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

Sinner, he's the friend you need,
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

3. Christ has come in very deed,
Born to bruise the serpent's head;

4. See, in sad Gethsemane,
See, on tragic Calvary,
Sinner, see his love to thee,
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

5. Strike the stoutest sinner through,
Force the cry, "what shall I do?"
Let him weep till born anew,
Blessed Lamb.—*Cho.*

6. Penitents, dry up your tears,
God hath heard believing prayers,
He forgives you when he hears
His dear Lamb.—*Cho.*

7. Thus may we each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
Till we all on Zion's hill
See the Lamb.—*Cho.*

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

SPANISH.

81

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, thou hast taught me, I should live to thee a - lone ; Year by year, thy hand hath
D. S. Still thine arm has been a -

brought me On thro' dangers oft unknown. When I wandered, thou hast found me ; When I doubted sent me light.
round me, All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I ;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou caust give the power I need ;
Thro' the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm ;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm !
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

CHRIST WITH US. 8s & 7s. (New Chain.)

1 Always with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love ;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.
2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none ;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear ;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stillling every anxious fear.
4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream ;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

82 WE'LL STAND FOR THE RIGHT, OR LIFE'S BATTLE. 11s. *

Words by MRS. J. W. SAMPSON.*

GIRLS. Boys. FULL CHO.

1. (This life is a bat-tle with Satan and sin, And we are the soldiers the victory to win; We will stand for the right, And Christ is the Captain of our band, Whatever opposes, for him we shall stand.) [We will

stand for the right, We will stand, we will stand for the right.

- 2 To God, for our armor, we'll fail not to go,
He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too;
The "Gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend.
The good "shield of faith" from all harm shall defend.—*Cho.*

Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,
Tho' wily our foes, we're "strong in the Lord;"
While watching and praying our armor keeps bright,
Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.—*Cho.*

- 4 Tho' little temptations (the worst ones of all)
Will often beset us, to make us to fall;
We'll "stand up for Jesus," and, when life is o'er,
For us He'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.—*Cho.*

* From "Sabbath Chimes."

ORTONVILLE. C. M. (New Chain.) DR. T. HASTINGS.

1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crown'd His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace, &c.

3 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

8 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flow to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

SHINING SHORE.

G. F. ROOT. By permission

1 My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger, Would not de-tain them as they fly! Those
D. S. And just be-fore, the shin-ing shore, We

hours of toil and dan-ger, For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o-ver.
' may al-most dis-cov-er.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh! &c.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, Come, and there's our
For ever, oh! for ever! [home,
For oh! &c.

FIRST SEMI-CHORUS.*

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHO.

1. (Je - ru - sa - lem di - vine a - bode, (Our treasures are in heaven ;))
 (The ci - ty of the liv - ing God, (Our treasures are in heaven.)) O Je - ru - sa - lem ! bright home a -

2. (The splendors of e - ter - nal morn, (Our treasures are in heaven ;))
 (Thy lof - ty walls and towers a - dorn, (Our treasures are in heaven.))) Jerusalem, &c.

bove, When shall we leave this world of care, And with the saints thy glo - ries share, The home of love.

3 There angel forms in fadeless youth,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Obey the God of love and truth,
 (Our treasures are in heaven.)—*Cho.*

4 There saints, in life's fair book enrolled,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Walk joyous through the streets of gold,
 (Our treasures are in heaven.)—*Cho.*

5 There white-robed throngs, with waving palms,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Triumphant chant their holy psalms,
 (Our treasures are in heaven.)—*Cho.*

6 And roll the anthem of their joy,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Like mighty thunders through the sky,
 (Our treasures are in heaven.)—*Cho.*

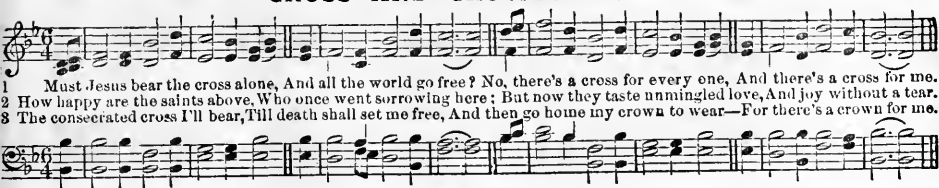
7 Our palace there already waits,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
 (Our treasures are in heaven.)—*Cho.*

8 We come through Jesus' blood to claim,
 (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 Our mansions in Jerusalem,
 (Our treasures are in heaven)—*Cho.*

* Or, the choir may sing the first part, and the children respond, "Our treasures, &c." Or Sabbath schools and infant classes may sing it in like manner.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

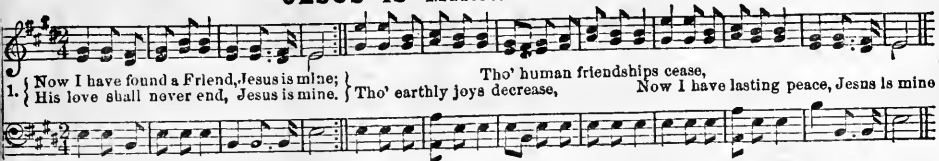
85



1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.
2 How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.
3 The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear—For there's a crown for me.

JESUS IS MINE. 6s & 4s.

(NEW CHAIN.)



1. { Now I have found a Friend, Jesus is mine; } Tho' human friendships cease,
{ His love shall never end, Jesus is mine. } Tho' earthly joys decrease, Now I have lasting peace, Jesus is mine

2. Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine;
He shall my wants supply.
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine!

3. When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine.
In the great Judgment-day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneless harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4. Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine.
He my Redemption is,
Wisdom and Righteousness,
Life, Light, and Holiness,
Jesus is mine.

HAPPY LAND. 6s & 4s.

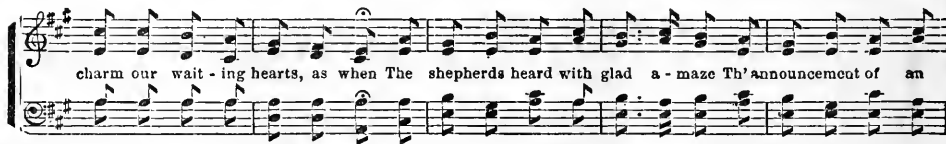
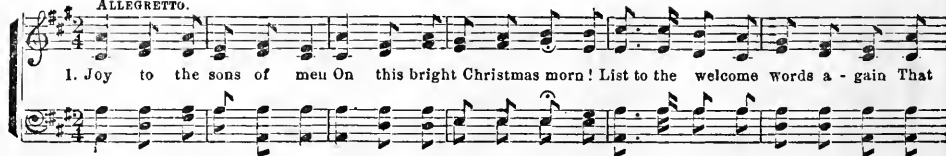
(NEW CHAIN.)

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

ALLEGRETTO.



2.
Joy to earth's sorrowing child
On this calm peaceful morn!
The holy harmless, undefiled,
Can soothe his breast with comfort
mild;
The hymn that floats along the air
Shall find an answer echoing there—
A Saviour, &c.

3.
Joy to the sick and poor,
"Blessed are they that mourn;"
If they submissively endure,
And trust his holy promise sure:
He comes all sorrow to relieve,
To comfort all who will believe—
The Saviour, &c.

4.
Love, joy, good-will, and peace,
Since that first Christmas morn,
Have come to earth, and ne'er shall cease
To Him who purchased our release,
Our hearts, redeemed from death, we'll
bring,
And humbly, gratefully we'll sing,
The Saviour, &c.

THE GOLDEN SHORE. 8s & 7s.

87

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS. *Cres.*

Girls. (We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide;) [anchor
Boys. (We are out on the ocean sailing. To a home beyond the tide.) All the storms will soon be over, Then we'll

1st. 2d.
in the harbor; (We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide;
(We are out on the ocean sailing, (Omit.....) To a home beyond the tide;)

2	3	4
Millions now are safely landed, Over on the golden shore; Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more.	Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes Gently waft our vessel on; All on board are sweetly singing— Free salvation is the song.— <i>Chor.</i>	When we all are safely anchored, We will shout—our trials o'er; We will walk about the city, And we'll sing for evermore.— <i>Chor.</i>

WATCH AND PRAY. C. M.

(NEW CHAIN.)

TUNE—Peterborough, page 77.

1 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice.
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. (Song and Chorus.)

SOLO, or a few voices.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

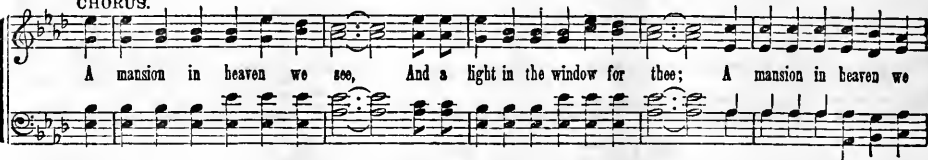


1 There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a light in the window for thee; A dear one has moved to the mansions above, There's a light in the window for thee.

2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, When from toil and from care you are free; The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home, With a light in the window for thee.



CHORUS.



A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee; A mansion in heaven we



see, . . . And a light in the window for thee. . .

3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea.
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee. *Cho.*

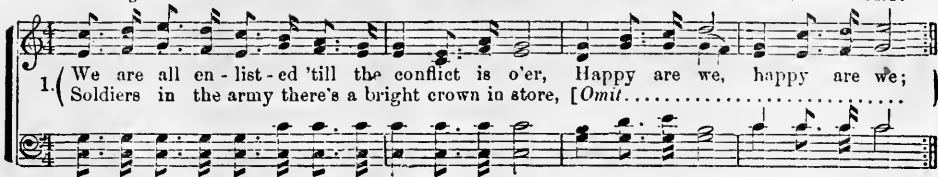
4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free.
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee. *Cho.*

MARCHING HOME.

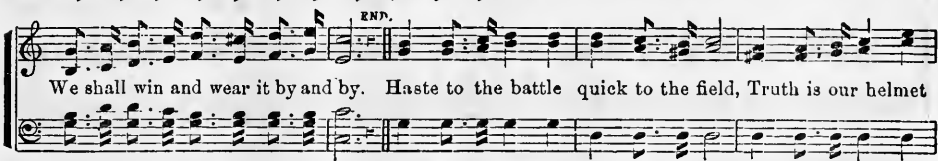
(New Chain.) 89

WM. B. BRADEURY.

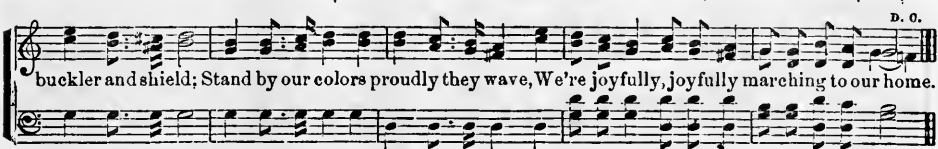
Marching movement.



1. (We are all en - list - ed 'till the conflict is o'er, Happy are we, happy are we;
Soldiers in the army there's a bright crown in store, [Omit.....])



END.
We shall win and wear it by and by. Haste to the battle quick to the field, Truth is our helmet



D. C.
buckler and shield; Stand by our colors proudly they wave, We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.

<p>2 Hark! the cry of battle sounding loudly and clear, Come join the ranks, come join the ranks; We are waiting now for soldiers, who will volunteer, Rally round the standard of the cross. Hark! 'tis our captain calls you to-day, Lose not a moment, make no delay; Fight for our Saviour. come, come away, We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.</p>	<p>3 Fighting for a kingdom and the world is our foe, Happy are we, happy are we, Glad to join the army, we will sing as we go, We shall gain the victory by and by. Dangers may gather why should we fear, Jesus our leader ever is near, He will protect us, comfort and cheer, We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.</p>
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1 (I am bound for the land of the liv-ing, O hin-der me not on my way; The sun-light is bright'ning be-fore me;
The flow-ers that bloom in my path-way Breathe o-dors that waft me right on; They lure me no long-er to tar-ry,

ff REFRAIN. *Joyfully.*
That her-alds e-ter-ni-ty's day.
But welcome earth's time to be gone.) There's a hap-py home be-yond this world of care; A home a-bove, where all is love,

Coda for last stanza.
And the good shall all meet there; A home above, where all is love, And the good shall all meet there, Shall all meet there, shall all meet there.

- 2 I am weaned from this land of the dying;
Decay is enstamped everywhere;
Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleeting—
My soul has grown weak with its care.
The joy-rays of life are remembered
Like sleep-thoughts that float thro' the brain,
The flesh and the spirit are weaving,
Each striving the mastery to gain. *Refrain.*
- 3 I am waiting the summons that bids me
No longer a pilgrim to roam,
But, leaving the past in this death-land,
Make the land of the living my home.

- The messenger-angel stands waiting,
The signal to whisper to me,
That the place is prepared for my dwelling,
And the Master is calling for me. *Refrain.*
- 4 The land of the living is yonder;
There life to its fullness has grown;
There sin, and temptation, and sorrow,
And sickness, and death, are unknown.
There the songs of redemption are chanted,
By a holy, harmonious band;
O, when shall I leave this clay casket,
And fly to my home in that land? *Refrain.*

THE ANGELS ARE COMING. New Chain.) W. B. B. 91

A CHRISTIAN CHILD'S DEATH-BED.—Little Georgie D * * *, of Newark, N. J., for two years a consistent member of the Church of Christ was suddenly called to his death-bed. Trusting in Jesus, he was "not afraid to die." His mother bent over him trying to relieve his sufferings; when he looked at her tenderly, and said, "I don't think you can do anything more to help me, mother." Then extending his arms, and lifting his eyes, with an earnest gaze as if eager to welcome the bright messengers sent to bear him to his Father's house, he exclaimed, "*The angels are coming for me, they are coming!*" Blessed boy, but a few moments more and he was with them winging his way to the realms of the blest.

1. (The angels are coming for me, mother, Coming, coming, coming for me, The angels are coming for
Al- rea - dy their mu - sic I hear, mother, Singing, singing, singing for me, How lightly it falls on my

1ST. & 2D. TIME. ENDING OF D. C.

me, mother, To waft me a - way to the sky; (Coming, coming for me.) Waiting to burst from its
ear, mother, My spir - it is waiting to fly; (*Omit*.....) *pp* *Rit.*

prison away, Waiting a crown of rejoicing to wear, Waiting to enter the portals of day, My Shepherd my Saviour is there.

D. C.

2 Now gently I'm going to sleep, mother,
Going, going, going to sleep,
To wake where I never shall weep, mother,
Or suffer a moment of pain.
Glad voices are calling for me, mother,
Calling, calling, calling for me;

Their pinions of glory I see, mother.
Farewell till I meet thee again.
Yes, we shall meet by the river that flows,
Tranquil and bright on that beautiful shore,
There will thy sorrow be lost in repose,
There I will leave thee no more.

JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME. C. M.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name er - er dear to me; When shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee!
 2. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know; Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes I on - ward press to you.

REFRAIN.

Canaan dear, O Canaan dear, Hap - py, hap - py land, Thy name we love, all names a - bove, Ca - naan, blessed Ca - naan.

3.
 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.—*Refrain.*

4.
 Jerusalem! my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee:
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.—*Refrain.*

WIRTH. C. M. (New Chain.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 There's nothing sweeter than the thought, That I may see the Lord, If I but seek him as I ought, And love his works and word.
 2 I'd rather be the least of them That are the Lord's alone, Than wear a royal diadem, And sit up-on a throne.

- 8 Once in his arms the Saviour took
Young children, just like me,
And blessed them with a voice and look,
As kind as kind could be.
- 4 I'd rather be the least of them
That shar'd that look and tone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

- 5 And though to heaven the Lord hath gone,
And seems so far away,
He hath a smile for every one
That doth his voice obey.
- 6 I'd rather be the least of them
That he will bless and own,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

ANGELS ARE HOVERING ROUND.

1. An - gels are hovering round, hovering round, Hovering round, An - gels are hovering round—Then Christian, nev - er fear,

REFRAIN.

Cheer up, then, pil - grim, nev - er more de - spair; For Je - sus sends his an - gel, And he is ev - er near, For
For Je - sus sends

Je - sus sends his an - gel, And he is ev - er near.
sends

- 2 Spirits blest are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round;
Spirits blest are hovering round,
Then Christian, never fear.—*Refrain.*
- 3 Dear friends are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round;
Dear friends are hovering round,
Then Christian, never fear.—*Refrain.*

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US. 8s, 7s & 4.

WM. B. BRADBURY

1 (Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care ;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare.) Blessed Je - sus, Blessed

Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are. Blessed Je - sus. Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us.
Be the Guardian of our way ;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will ;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

(NEW CHAIN.)

HELENA. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Religion is the chief concern Of mortals here below ; May we its great importance learn, Its sovereign virtue know.

- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the solemn tomb.
- 3 O, may our hearts, by grace renewed,
Be our Redeemer's throne :
And be our stubborn wills subdued,
His government to own.

- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be joined with godly fear,
And all our conversation prove
Our hearts to be sincere.
- 5 Let lively hope our souls inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may we wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

JESUS, BLESSED JESUS.—Responsive Chorus.

MODERATO. Teachers.

Response by Scholars.

Teachers.

1 (Who was in a manger laid? Je - sus, blessed Jesus.) Who up Cal - va - ry was led?
2 (Who for money was betrayed? Je - sus, blessed Jesus.)
2 (Who can hear us when we call? Je - sus, Blessed Jesus.) Who a - lone can do us good,
2 (Who the-dearest friend of all? Je - sus, blessed Jesus.)

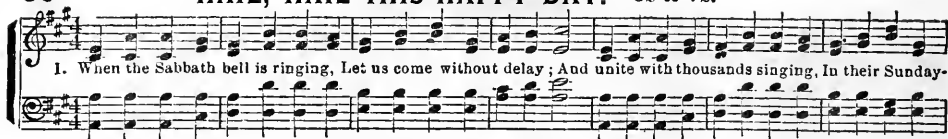
Scholars. All.

Who for us his life-blood shed? Jesus Christ, creation's head, Jesus, blessed Je - sus.
When we're tossed on Jordan's flood? Jesus Christ, our ris-en Lord, Jesus, blessed Je - sus.

- 3 Teach.—Who can rob the grave of gloom?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.—Who can raise us from the tomb?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.—{ When before the judge we wait,
Who will open heaven's gate?
Schol.—Jesus Christ, our Advocate ;
All.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 4 Teach.—Who will give us sweetest rest?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Tehch.—Who in heaven shall we love best?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus
Teach.—{ At his feet our crowns we'll fling.
While with rapturous songs we sing,
Schol.—Jesus Christ, our Saviour King,
All.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.

HAIL, HAIL THIS HAPPY DAY. 8s & 7s.



CHORUS.



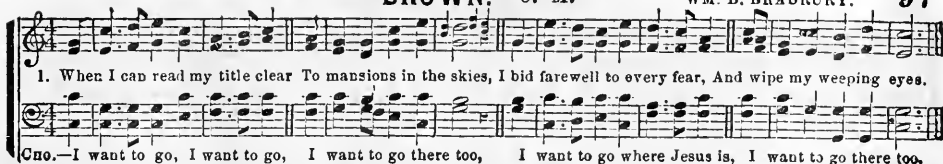
- 2 These are happy hours of meeting,
When we hear the voice of prayer ;
But these hours are short and fleeting ;
Let us then be early there.—*Cho.*
- 3 We shall keep our teachers waiting,
If we tarry by the way ;
Or disturb the school reciting,
On this holy Sabbath day —*Cho.*

- Yes, hail this day,
4 Here the blessed gospel shows us
All the precious stores of truth ;
And the Holy Spirit woos us
From transgression in our youth—*Cho.*
- 5 When the Sabbath bell is ringing,
Let us to the school repair,
That we may unite in singing,
And together kneel in prayer—*Cho.*

THE NAME OF JESUS. C. M. Tune—BROWN. (New Chain.)

- 1 THERE is a name I love to hear :
I love to sing its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's only plea.
- 3 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe ;
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

- 4 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear !
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.
- 5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God :
- 6 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.



2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.—*Cho.*

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall—
May I but safely reach my home.
My God, my heaven, my all.—*Cho.*

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.—*Cho.*

EVERLASTING LIFE.

1 There is a fold where none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:

I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour, this is life.

CHRIST'S LOVE TO CHILDREN.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms.

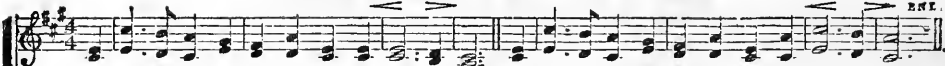
2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorns their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3 Oh! let us then with pleasure hear,
And seek the Saviour's face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

HEAVENLY REST.

Arr. from WRIGHTON

E. H. L.



1. The soul on earth is doom'd to pine For rest, sweet rest; 'Tis heaven alone, in joys divine, Can give sweet rest.
 2. Life is a sad and wea-ry day— It gives no rest; In care and pain it wears away, And brings no rest.
 3. Then let us trust, 'mid good and ill, The promised rest, Since trial here will sweeten still, Our heavenly rest.



There, with brightest angels glowing, Joyful anthems ever flowing, Jesus seeing, loving, knowing, Is rest, sweet rest.
 But earth's sorrows have their measure, Ending in eternal pleasure, When in heaven we find the treasure Of rest, sweet rest.
 Joy from trouble we may borrow, Pleasure from our hours of sorrow, While we wait the dawning morrow Of heav'n's sweet rest.



SINNERS FLOCKING TO JESUS. 8s & 7s. Double.

Tune.—AUTUMN. Page 81. (New Chain.)

- 1 See! the Scriptures are fulfilling—
 Sinners flocking to their home:
 Times the prophets were foretelling,
 Signs and wonders now are come.
 Gospel trumpets loud are sounding
 Here and there on every hand:
 God's own Spirit is descending,
 Christians joining heart and hand!
- 2 Thousands fall before Jehovah—
 "Mercy, mercy, loud they cry!
 Then with shouts of "Hallelujah,"
 "Glory be to God on high!"

Many say, "'Tis all disorder,"
 Disbelieve God's holy word;
 Still these cry and shout the louder—
 "Glory, glory to the Lord!"

- 3 "Come," is heard in each direction,
 "Young and old, and rich and poor;"
 These are "days of visitation;"
 Gospel grace may soon be o'er.
 Sinners, hear the invitation;
 O, thou dead and dying one,
 Fly to Jesus for salvation,
 Ere he shut the judgment throne!

WHEN, ON THE SABBATH MORN.



99

FIRST TIME, 1ST SEMI-CHORUS. SECOND TIME, 2D DITTO, REPEATING THE SAME WORDS.

1. When, on the Sabbath morn, We leave our home, We leave our home, Then to the Sunday school We
 2. Our hearts each morning bright, With pleasures thrill, With pleasures thrill, But Sabbath morning light Is
 3. Soon, soon these precious days Will all be gone, Will all be gone, Soon, soon our earth-ly work Will

love to come, We love to come. We love to sing, we love to pray, We love this blessed
 sweet-er still, Is sweet-er still. 'Tis then we hear God's ho-ly word, And learn to fear and
 all be done, Will all be done. O then that we in heaven might meet, And cast our crowns at

Sab-bath day, We love this bless-ed Sab-bath day, Yes, from our own dear home We
 love the Lord, And learn to fear and love the Lord. O yes, we love this day, This
 Je-sus' feet, And cast our crowns at Je-sus' feet. Yes, yes, in heaven a-bove, The

haste a-way, We haste a-way, Here, in our Sun-day school We love to stay, We love to stay,
 ho-ly day, This hap-py day, And in our Sun-day school We love to stay, We love to stay.
 an-gels sing, The saints all sing, They sing of Je-sus' love, Their heavenly King, Their heavenly King.

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

A LESSON FROM THE COWSLIP, THE DEW-DROP, AND THE ZEPHYR.

1st. 2d.

1. (Suppose the lit-tle cowslip Should hang its golden cup.) (How many a weary traveler Would And say "I'm such a tiny flower, I'd bet - - - - -) ter not grow up !" (How many a little child would grieve To miss its fragrant smell,) (lose it from the dell.) How many a little child would grieve To lose it, To lose it, To lose it from the dell.

2 Suppose the glistening dew drop
Upon the grass, should say
"What can a little dew drop do?
I'd better roll away!"
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
||: Would wither: || in the sun.

3 Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
||: In talking: || ever so.

4 How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too,
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do,
||: For others, : || by his love.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. (New Chain.)

L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down the golden sand,
2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though every prospect pleases, And on - ly man is vile.



From many an ancient riv - er, From many a palmy plain They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strown ; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone !

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole

Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

THE GOSPEL BANNER.

- 1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd ;
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world :

Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng

- 2 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings !
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings ;
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



Dox. No. 1. Bethon, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there obeyed.

DOXOLOGY No. 2.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

DOXOLOGY No. 3.

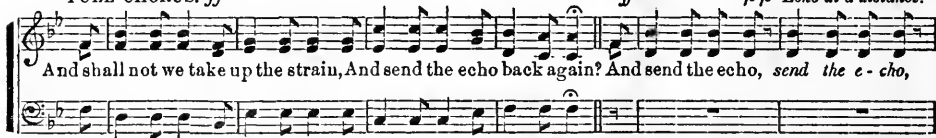
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given.
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

TRIO or SEMI-CHORUS.

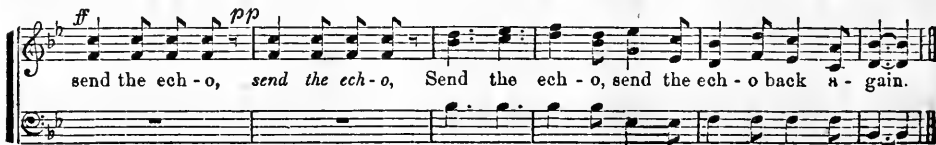
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Shall hymns of grateful love, Thro' heaven's high arches ring, And all the hosts a-bove... Their songs of triumph sing.

FULL CHORUS. *ff**ff**pp* Echo at a distance.


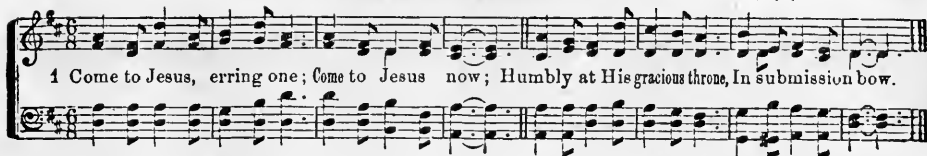
And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back again? And send the echo, send the e-cho,



send the ech-o, send the ech-o, Send the ech-o, send the ech-o back a-gain.

- 2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race,
To Christ all powers ascribe,
Who saved them by his grace. *Cho*
- 8 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,

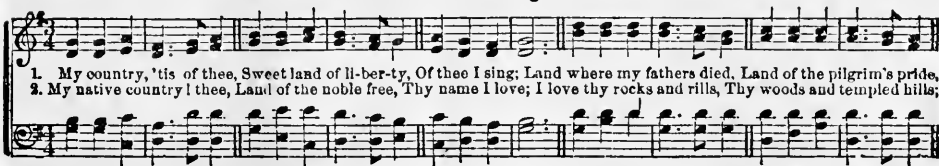
- And all the love record,
That led them home to God. *Cho.*
- 4 Then spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around,
Salvation through his name. *Cho.*



2 At His feet confess your sin;
Seek forgiveness there;
For His blood can make you clean,—
He will hear your prayer.

3 Seek His face without delay;
Give Him now your heart;
Tarry not, but, while you may,
Choose the better part.

AMERICA. National Hymn. 6s & 4s.



2
Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4
Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap - pears ; The sons of earth are waking To pen - i - ten - tial tears ;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a - far Of nations in commotion Prepared for Sion's war.

- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour :
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above :
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
- 4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay :
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord is come.

WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS. (NEW CHAIR.)

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above ;
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love ?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before ;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er ;
And since he has proved faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O! cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love ;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

SABBATH MORNING HYMN.

- 1 **THE** rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow ;
It is the Sabbath morning,
Arise and pay thy vow.
Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.
- 2 **The** landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the hour of day.
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
Lord, by thy smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.
- 3 **O** see those waters streaming
In crystal purity,
While earth, with verdure teeming
Gives rapture to the eye.
Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 **THE** mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west ;
So every care subsiding
My soul would sink to rest.
The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close—
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hush my last repose.
- 2 **The** evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high ;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.

In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break ;
O, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

- 1 **STAND** up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss :
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 **Stand** up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day ;
"Ye are the men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes ;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 **Stand** up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own ;
Put on the Gospel armor,
And watchlugs unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger
Be never wanting there.
- 4 **Stand** up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR. 8s & 7s.

Quick.

"FEAR NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE."

by permission.

1 (Tho' the day's are dark with trouble, And thy heart is filled with fear, There is one that sees thee ev - er
Cheerful hearts and smiling faces Often make thee happy here, Yet no one was e'er so hap - py,

REFRAIN.

And will hold thee near and dear.
But sometimes the clouds appear.) There's a friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ev - er near,

Repeat *pp*
Nev - er, nev - er fear, There's a friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ev - er near, Never fear.

2 All thy prospects will seem brighter
When the shadow leaves the heart,
And the steps of time beat lighter,
When the gloomy clouds depart,
Many days have dawned serenely,
While the birds sang with delight,
But the skies were dark and gloomy
Ere the sun had reach'd its height.
There's a friend, &c.

3 Soon will dawn a brighter morning
On a blessed, tranquil shore;
Sighs will then give place to singing,
Tears to bliss, for ever-more,
Thou shalt see a world of glory,
And eternal joy and bliss;
Let not then thy soul be moaning
O'er the woes and cares of this.
There's a friend, &c.

LUELLA. 6s & 5s.

(NEW CHAIN) 107

H. N. WHITNEY. By permission.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hast thou died for me? Make me ve - ry thank - ful In my heart to thee.
 2. Now I know thou lov - est, And dost plead for me; Make me ve - ry thank - ful In my pray'rs to thee.

When the sad, sad sto - ry Of thy grief I read, Make me ve - ry sor - ry For my sins, in - deed.
 Soon, I hope, in glo - ry, At thy side to stand; Make me fit to meet thee In that hap - py land.

SECOND HYMN.

(NEW CHAIN.)

1 God of our salvation!
 Unto thee we pray;
 Hear our supplication,
 Be our strength and stay.
 Wretched and unworthy,
 Poor, and sick, and blind,
 Prostrate we adore thee,
 Call thy grace to mind.

2 He that dwelleth near thee,
 Safely shall abide;
 Ever love and fear thee,
 In thy strength confide.
 Sure is thy protection,
 Safe is thy defence,
 While in deep affliction,
 Woe, or pestilence.

3 God of our salvation!
 Saviour, Prince of Peace!
 Boundless thy compassion,
 Infinite thy grace.
 While with love unceasing,
 Humbly we adore:
 Grant us thy rich blessing,
 And we ask no more.

LOTTIE. S. M.

Coda for last stanza.

1 How gentle God's commands! How kind his precepts are! Come, cast your burden on the Lord, And trust his constant care.
 2 His bounty will provide, His saints securely dwell; That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well. [And
 3 Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind? O seek your heavenly Father's throne, And peace and comfort
 4 His goodness stands approved, Unchanged from day to day; I'll drop my burden at his feet, And bear a song away, And bear, &c.

OH SAY, WILL YOU BE THERE. C. P. M.

1. Be - yond this life of hopes and fears, Beyond this world of griefs and tears. There is a region
 2. Its glorious gates are closed to sin; Nought that defiles can enter in To mar its beauty

fair. It knows no change and no de - cay, No night, but one un - end - ing day.
 rare, Up - on that bright, e - ter - nal shore, Earth's bitter curse is known no more.

FULL CHORUS to each Stanza.

Oh say, will you be there? Oh say, will you be there? Oh say, oh say, oh say, will you be there!

3 No drooping form, no tearful eye,
 No hoary head, no weary sigh,
 No pain, no grief, no care;
 But joys which mortals may not know,
 Like a calm river, ever flow.
 Oh say, will you be there?

4 Our Saviour, once as mortal child,
 As mortal man, by man reviled,
 There many crowns doth wear;
 While thousand thousands swell the strain
 Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
 Oh say, will you be there?

- 5 Who shall be there? The lowly here—
All those who serve the Lord in fear,
The world's proud mockery dare:
Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread :—
Oh, they shall all be there!
- 6 Those who have learnt at Jesus' cross
All earthly gain to count but loss,
So that his love they share;

Who, gazing on the Crucified,
By faith can say, "For me he died;"
Oh, they shall all be there!

- 7 Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
Who did that place prepare.
Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!"
I am the way—I'll lead you home—
With me, you shall be there!"

SEMA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry; Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God be merciful to me!

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!
- 5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

DESIGN OF PRAYER. L. M. (New Chain.)

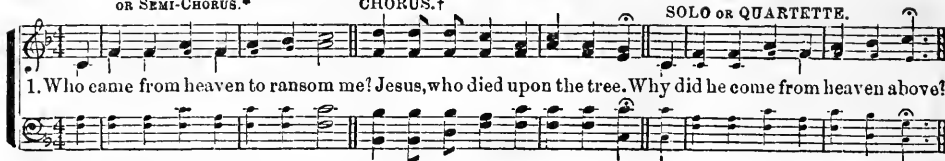
- 1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt defect, if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

MAY BE SUNG AS SOLO, QUARTETTE,
OR SEMI-CHORUS.*

CHORUS.†

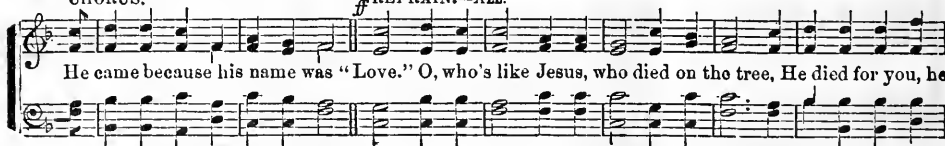
SOLO OR QUARTETTE.



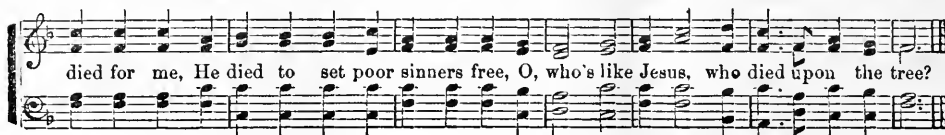
1. Who came from heaven to ransom me? Jesus, who died upon the tree. Why did he come from heaven above?

* CHORUS.

ff REFRAIN.—ALL.



He came because his name was "Love." O, who's like Jesus, who died on the tree, He died for you, he



died for me, He died to set poor sinners free, O, who's like Jesus, who died upon the tree?

2 And did he die—the Son of God!
Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.
Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?
That we from evil might be freed.—*Cho.*

3 When he had died, what happened then?
On the third day he rose again.
Where did he go when he had risen?
He went to God's right hand in heaven.—*Cho.*

4 Where is he now? Is he still there?
Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.
What does he pray for, and for whom?
He prays that we to him might come.—*Cho.*
5 Should we not come? Should we not come?
Oh! yes, Christ is the sinner's home?
Christ is the weary sinner's home—
Oh, let us come! oh, let us come!—*Cho.*

* For Choir or School.

110

† For Children.

COME TO JESUS!

(NEW CHAIN.) 111

Words by Dr. JOHN B. PECK, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

H. P. MAIN. From "Hallowed Songs," by permission.

Tenderly.

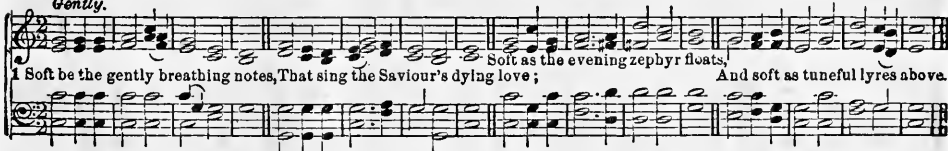


1 Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'r'er, ea - gerly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 2 Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ransom thee, O slave, e - ter - nally; Come, come to Je - sus!
 3 Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to lighten thee, O burden'd, gra - ciously; Come, come to Je - sus!
 4 Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to give to thee, O blind, a vision free; Come, come to Je - sus!
 5 Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to shel - ter thee, O weary, blessedly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 6 Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to car - ry thee, O lamb, so lov - ingly; Come, come to Je - sus!

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.



1 Soft be the gently breathing notes, That sing the Saviour's dying love; Soft as the evening zephyr floats, And soft as tuneful lyres above.

2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
 While warbling birds exulting soar;
 So soft to our almighty Friend
 Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

8 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
 That scatter life and joy abroad;
 Pure as the lucid orb of day,
 That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

EARTHLY THINGS VAIN. L. M.

(NEW CHAIN.)

1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the fondest ties
 That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The with'ring grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
 The glory of a passing hour.

8 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a brighter world on high,
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
 If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

Words by R. P. CLARK.

1 The children are gath'ring from near and from far, The trumpet is sounding the call for the war, The

conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along.

CHORUS *ff*

Marching along, we are marching along, Gird on the armor and be marching along, The

conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, Then gird on the armor and be marching along.

MARCHING ALONG. Concluded.

113

- 2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from the way.
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.
Cho.—Marching along, &c.
- 3 We've listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;

The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.
Cho.—Marching along, &c.

- 4 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along. *Cho.*

I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME. 8s & 7s. (NEW CHAIN.)

From "Praises of Jesus," by permission.

CHORUS.

1 (Christians, I am on my journey! Ere I reach the narrow sea,
I would tell the wondrous sto - ry, What the Lord has done for me.) Glory, glo - ry, hal - le -

lu - jah, Tho' a stranger here I roam, I am on my way to Zi - on, I'm a pilgrim going home.

- 2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek his face;
From a wild and lonely desert.
Brought me to His fold of grace.
Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 3 Now my soul with rapture glowing,
Sings aloud His pard'ning love;

Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
To the pilgrims home above.
Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

- 4 I shall yet behold my Saviour,
When the day of life is o'er,
I shall cast my crown before Him,
I shall praise Him evermore. *Cho.*

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

SOLO, TRIO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. There's a song the angels sing, And its notes with rapture ring. Round the throne whose radiance fills the heav'ns above.
2. 'Tis a song for children too; To the Saviour 'tis their due; Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;

ff CHORUS. *pp*

Shepherds heard the distant strain, Watching on Ju-de-a's plain, "Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God,
Join with an-gels in their song, And the heavenly strain prolong, "Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God,

Glo-ry be to God, to men be peace and love," Thro' the earth and thro' the sky, Let the anthem ev-er fly,
Glo-ry be to God, good will and peace to men," Thro' the earth, &c.

*Repeat pp **

"Glory be to God again, Peace on earth, good will to men."

3 Soon around that throne may we
With those happy angels be,
Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall
cease:
Mingling love with loftiest praise,
Still the chorus there we'll raise.
"Glory be to God, to men good will and peace.
Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

* For a Concert, a good effect will be produced by having a choir, out of sight, sing the repetition as a response

LOVE AT HOME. 7s & 5s.

(NEW CHAIN.) 115

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON, by permission.

1. There is beau-ty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in every sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plen-ty here abide, Smiling sweet on eve-ry side, Time doth soft-ly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home, Love at home, love at home; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.

2.

In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3.

Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high
When there's love at home.

4.

Jesus make me wholly Thine,
Then there's love at home;
May Thy sacrifice be mine,
Then there's love at home.
Safely from all harm I'll rest,
With no sinful care distressed,
Thro' Thy tender mercy blessed,
With Thy love at home.

1st. 2d.

1 (Come, little soldiers, join in our band, March for the kingdom, our promised land,
Fearless of danger, onward we roam, (Omit) Jesus our leader is, soon we'll be home,

CHORUS by smaller Scholars. Repeat *p* 10

We're a lit - tle pilgrim band, Guided by a Saviour's hand, Soon we'll reach our fatherland, No more to roam.

2 Hark to the voices, bidding us come!
Angels, rejoicing, welcome us home;
No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress,
Come, little pilgrim band, there we shall rest.
CHORUS.—We're a little pilgrim, &c.

3 Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
But, blest for ever, God's love shall share;
Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
Ever still praising him, ages to come.
CHORUS.—We're a little pilgrim, &c.

HEAVENLY BREEZES. (New Chain.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d. END.

1 (Spread, my soul, thy golden pinions,—Bask in heaven's celestial ray—
'Tis a for - taste of the glories, Saved for that.....) e - ter - nal day! When thy pil - grimage is

D. C. FULL CHORUS.
(As the tide is flowing, flowing, Onward to return no more—
So may heavenly breezes blowing, Waft my soul.....) to Canaan's shore!

HEAVENLY BREEZES. Concluded.

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D. C. IN FULL CHORUS.



2 Though the path be long and dreary
And my way by thorns beset;
I will bravely onward journey,
Hopeful of the blessing yet!
Trusting in a loving Father;
One whose mighty arm is strong:
I will brave life's surging billows,
'Till I see the shining throng!—*Cho.*

3 Come then, all who seek God's favor—
See the open gospel door,
From the highways and the hedges
Gather in, ye needy poor!
Gather in, and taste the banquet,
Spread by wondrous love divine;
Then shall all things past and present.
All in earth and heaven be thine!—*Cho.*

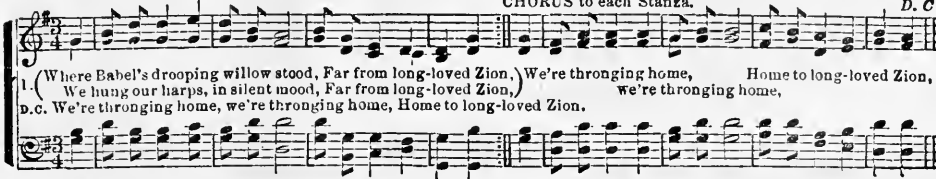
LONG-LOVED ZION.



Words by Rev. WM. HUNTER, D. D

CHORUS to each Stanza.

D. C.



1. (Where Babel's drooping willow stood, Far from long-loved Zion,) We're thronging home, Home to long-loved Zion,
(We hung our harps, in silent mood, Far from long-loved Zion,) we're thronging home,
D.C. We're thronging home, we're thronging home, Home to long-loved Zion.

2 Great things the Lord has done for us
Far from long-loved Zion,
Our toilsome race is nearly run,
Far from long-loved Zion.—*Cho.*
3 As streams their mighty torrents pour,
Far from long-loved Zion;
So turn our hearts to thee once more,
Home to long-loved Zion.—*Cho.*
4 With faces turned for Zion's hill,
Home to long-loved Zion;

Our harps and hearts with rapture thrill,
Home to long-loved Zion.—*Cho.*

5 We soon shall reach our Father's land,
Home in long-loved Zion;
Our feet within thy gates shall stand,
Home in long-loved Zion.—*Cho.*
6 Our grateful incense to the skies,
Home in long-loved Zion;
Mingled with holy songs shall rise,
Home in long-loved Zion.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

W. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

1 (A-round the throne of God in heaven Ten thousand children stand:
Children, whose sins are all forgiven, A ho - ly, hap-py band.) Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, hal - le -

- lu - jah, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?—*Cho.*

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away our sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!—*Chorus.*

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
And now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.—*Chorus.*

5 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one array'd,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.—*Chorus.*

THE PENITENT.

(NEW CHAIN.)

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
Chorus.—Crying save me, save me,
Save me! blessed Saviour!
Crying save me, save me!
O thou Lamb of God.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,

Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.—*Chorus.*

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears—but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.—*Chorus.*

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive!
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.—*Chorus.*

PRAISE OF CHILDREN ACCEPTABLE.

- 1 CHILDREN of old hosannas sung
To praise the Saviour's name;
We, too, would join our infant song,
To celebrate his fame.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!
- 2 Chief priests and scribes were sore displeased
That children thus should sing;
But Jesus owned their early praise,
And we our praises bring.
Singing glory, &c.
- 3 We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
For life, and food, and friends;
We bless him for the Word of life,
The choicest gift he sends.
Singing glory, &c.

HEAVENLY BLISS.

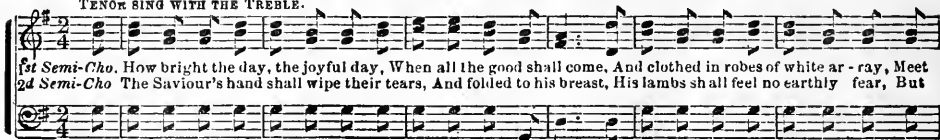
- 1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky;
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!
- 2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.
Singing glory, &c.
- 3 Those are the nymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's ways.
Singing glory, &c.

- 4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
Singing glory, &c.
- 5 Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast:
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter into rest.
Singing glory, &c.

HOSANNAS IN THE TEMPLE.

- 1 WHEN Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard,
The little children owned his claim,
And in his train appeared.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!
- 2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed;
Hosanna to the heavenly King,
To David's promised seed.
Singing glory, &c.
- 3 O let those scenes be now renewed,
Where children lisp thy praise!
Thou art as gracious and as good
As in the former days.
Singing glory, &c.
- 4 Dwell by thy Spirit in our hearts,
And this will loose our tongues;
The love that heavenly truth imparts
Will animate our songs.
Singing glory, &c.

TENOR SING WITH THE TREBLE.



1st Semi-Chor. How bright the day, the joyful day, When all the good shall come, And clothed in robes of white ar-ray, Meet
 2d Semi-Chor. The Saviour's hand shall wipe their tears, And folded to his breast, His lambs shall feel no earthly fear, But



1st. 2d. REFRAIN.

in their happy home!)
 find e-ter-nal (OMIT.) rest. Oh! meet me in heaven, meet me in heaven, Meet me in heaven, where we'll



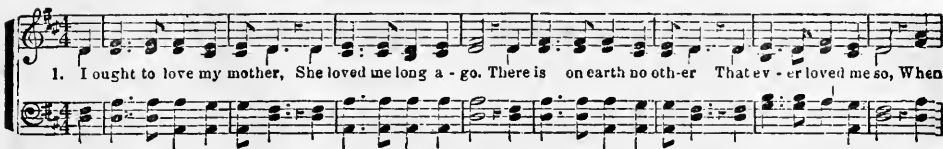
nev-er part a-gain; Meet me in heaven, meet me in heaven, Meet me in heaven, Where we'll never part again.

2 Ah! would you be among the blest,
 Who walk the golden streets,
 Or lean upon the Saviour's breast,
 Or worship at his feet!
 Then wander not from Jesus Christ,
 Nor go the path of sin,
 Until you find the gates of woe,
 And there must enter in.
 Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

3 Your teachers can not bear to think
 Those little feet shall slide
 Upon the dark and dreadful brink,
 Of ruin's sweeping tide.
 Come to the Saviour, little ones,
 And with his own dear flock,
 He'll hide you when temptation comes,
 Safe in the clefted rock.
 Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

I OUGHT TO LOVE MY MOTHER. 7s & 6s.

121



2 When in my cradle lying,
Or on her loving breast,
She gently hush'd my crying,
And rock'd her babe to rest,
When any thing has ailed me,
To her I told my grief—
Her fond love never fail'd me,
In finding some relief.

3 What sight is that which, near me,
Makes home a happy place,
And has such power to cheer me?
It is my mother's face.
What sound is that which ever
Makes my young heart rejoice
With tones that tire me never?
It is my mother's voice.

4 When she is ill, to tend her
My daily care shall be;
Such hope as I can render
Will all be joy to me.
Though I can ne'er repay her
For all her tender care,
I will honor and obey her,
While God our lives shall spare.

TO THEE, MY GOD. 7s & 6s. (New Chain.)

1 To thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart, exulting sings.
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings;
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear;
O, grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode:
Then cast my crown before thee,
And all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee;
What could an angel more?

1 (A lit-tle ship was on the sea, It was a pretty sight,) [strong;
It sailed a-long so pleasantly And all was calm and bright:] When, lo! a storm began to rise, The wind grew loud and

It blew the clouds across the skies, It blew the waves along; It blow the clouds across the skies, It blew the waves a-long.

And all but One were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep,
His head was on a pillow laid,
And he was fast asleep;
"Master, we perish! Master, save!"
They cried; their Master heard;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And stilled them with a word.

8 A noble ship, our country dear,
Has weathered many a gale—
Yet now a storm beats so severe
That many stout hearts quail;
But One who rides above the storm
Can save us from all ill;
We only wait to hear his voice
Commanding "Peace, be still!"

4 O, Jesus! Master! hear, we pray,
Remove the chastening rod;
Let not our foes exulting say,
"There is no help in God." [land,
From threat'ning storms preserve our
Rebuke the winds and waves;
And let us, one united band,
Rejoice in God, who saves.

LATTER DAY. 8s & 7s.

(NEW CHAIN.)

1 We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and aw-ful time, In an age on a- ges telling,
2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally, With your music and your wine? Up! it is Je - hovah's ral-ly!

LATTER DAY. Concluded.

123

To be liv- ing is sublime. Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray.
God's own arm hath need of thine. Hark! the onset! will ye fold your Faith-clad arms in la- zy lock?

Hark! what soundeth? is ere-a- tion Groaning for its latter day.
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier; Worlds are charging to the shock.

8s & 7s.

- 3 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

BALERMA. C. M.

1. Oh, happy is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes His early, on- ly choice.

- 2 For she hath treasures greater far,
Thou east and west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

- 3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND. 9s & 8s.

With gentleness.

1. (A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sorrow free,
The home of the ransomed, bright, and fair, And (Omit) beauti-ful angels too, are there.

CHORUS.

May be repeated at pleasure pp.

Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful land?

2 That beautiful land, the City of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day
Hath driven the darkness far away.—*Cho.*

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,

The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.—*Cho.*

4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.—*Cho.*

LA MIRA. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. I love to steal a while away From every cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

2 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore:
My cares and sorrows all to cast
On him whom I adore.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION. National Song.

125

SOLO—TENOR OR SOPRANO. MAESTOSO. Words by GEO. P. MORRIS, Esq. Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A song for our ban-ner! the watchword recall Which gave the Re-pub-lic her sta-tion;
2. What God in his in-fi-nite wisdom designed, And armed with his weapon of thun-der,

U-ni-ted we stand, di-vi-ded we fall! It.. made and preserves us a na-tion!
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined, Have the power to conquer or sun-der!

SYM.

FOR EACH VERSE.

The un-ion of lakes—the un-ion of lands, The
un-ion of States none can se-ver—The un-ion of hearts—the un-ion of hands, And the

CHORUS.

flag of our Un-ion for ev-er. *m* For ev-er, for ev-er, for ev-er! The

un-ion of hearts—the un-ion of hands, And the flag of our Un-ion for ev-er.

HOSANNAH. (ANTHEM.)

Two Divisions of the School may sing alternately.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah. to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the

Repeat by 2d Division.

1st.

2d.

Lord, Lord, Hosannah in the highest, in the high-est, Hosannah in the highest, in the highest.

(And when he was come unto Jerusalem, all the.....) city was moved, saying, "Who is this?" And the multitude said,

"This is Je - sus, This is Je - sus, the pro - phet of Na - za - reth and Ga - li - lee."

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